

# Anacreontea

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Anacreontea (Greek: Ἀνακρεόντεια) is the title given to a collection of some 60 Greek poems on the topics of wine, beauty, erotic love, Dionysus, etc. The poems date to between the 1st century BC and the 6th century AD, and are attributed pseudepigraphically to Anacreon

# ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΕΙΑ

## 1

Ἀνακρέων ἰδὼν με  
ὁ Τήιος μελωδὸς  
ὄναρ γελῶν προσεῖπεν<sup>1</sup>.  
καὶ γὰρ δραμὼν πρὸς αὐτὸν  
5 περιπλάκην φιλήσας.  
γέρων μὲν ἦν, καλὸς δέ,  
καλὸς δὲ καὶ φίλοινος<sup>2</sup>.  
τὸ χεῖλος ὦζεν οἴνου,  
τρέμοντα δ' αὐτὸν ἤδη  
10 Ἔρως ἐχειραγώγει  
ὁ δ' ἐξελὼν καρήνου  
ἐμοὶ στέφος δίδωσι.  
τὸ δ' ὦζ' Ἀνακρέοντος  
ἐγὼ δ' ὁ μωρὸς ἄρας  
15 ἐδησάμην μετώπῳ  
καὶ δῆθεν ἄχρι καὶ νῦν  
ἔρωτος οὐ πέπαυμαι.

TITLE OF BOOK: ms (A) Ἀνακρέοντος Τηίου συμποσιακὰ ἡμιάμβια  
καὶ Ἀνακρεόντια καὶ τρίμετρα, and at end of book τέλος τῶν  
Ἀνακρέοντος συμποσιακῶν 1<sup>1</sup> Steph -B. ms λέγων προεῖπεν

<sup>2</sup> Brossius: ms φίλενος, which some would translate 'fond  
of the marriage-bed,' but the immediate context is of drink

# THE ANACREONTEA

## 1

THE Teian lord of minstrelsy  
Hailed me gaily in a dream ;  
I ran and kissed him tenderly  
Old he was, but fair did seem,  
Fair and fond of merriment ;  
Love his tottering footsteps led,  
His lip of wine was redolent.  
There was a garland on his head ;  
He snatcht it off and held it out ;  
It smelt of him ; and (silly lout !)  
I took and bound it my fool brows above ;  
And from that hour I've never ceased to love.<sup>a</sup>

The ms has the TITLE. 'Convivial Half-Iambics of Anacreon of Teos and Anacreontea and Trimeters' ; and at the end of the book 'End of the Convivial Poems of Anacreon' ; *Anacreontea* may be an alternative title, *Trimeters* that of a section which the scribe failed to copy out.

<sup>a</sup> INTRODUCTORY. Probably the introduction to the book from which the oldest of the poems were selected

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### 2

Δότε μοι λύρην Ὀμήρου  
φονίης ἄνευθε χορδῆς·  
φέρε μοι κύπελλα θεσμῶν,  
φέρε, καὶ<sup>1</sup> νόμους κεράσσω,  
5 μεθύων ὅπως χορεύσω,  
ὑπὸ σῶφρονος δὲ λύσσης  
μετὰ βαρβίτων αἰίδων  
τὸ παροίνιον βοήσω.  
δότε μοι λύρην Ὀμήρου  
10 φονίης ἄνευθε χορδῆς.

### 3

Ἄγε, ζωγράφων ἄριστε,  
λυρικῆς ἄκουε Μούσης  
γράφε τὰς πόλεις τὸ πρῶτον  
ἰλαράς τε καὶ γελώσας,<sup>1</sup>  
5 φιλοπαίγμονας δὲ Βακχῶν  
ἑτεροχρόων ἐναύλους<sup>2</sup>.

2 tit τοῦ αὐτοῦ βασιλικόν 'by the same, a song of the master of the feast' <sup>1</sup> E. ms μοι from above <sup>3</sup> not separated from ode 2 in ms <sup>1</sup> Scal: ll 3-4 follow l 6 in the ms <sup>2</sup> E. ms φιλοπαίγμονες δὲ Βάκχαι | ἑτεροπνόους (marg ἐτεροπόρους) εν

## INTRODUCTORY ODES

### 2

Comrades, give me Homer's lyre,  
But change the chord of blood and fire ; <sup>a</sup>  
    Bring cups to-day  
    Of laws, not wine,  
    That so I may  
    The drink divine  
    Mingle in  
    Due 'rithmetic,  
    Not too thin  
    Nor yet too thick <sup>b</sup>  
    I'd tippling be  
    And dance and sing  
    (But decently)  
    To th' merry string <sup>c</sup>  
Comrades, give me Homer's lyre,  
But change the chord of blood and fire.

### 3

Come, best of limners, lend an ear  
    To th' lyric Maid's decree .  
Limn me the towns the palm that bear  
    For laughter and for glee,  
Limn me the jolly landscape where  
    Pied Bacchanals be rovers,

<sup>a</sup> ANOTHER INTRODUCTION. *Lit.* without the murderous string, *i.e.* eliminate the warlike element.

<sup>b</sup> *lit.* bring me cups of ordinances, and let me mingle rules—perhaps a poem to the book from which some of these songs were taken.

<sup>c</sup> *lit.* that I may dance tipsy, and may shout the drinking-song singing to the lyres in a decent frenzy.

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ὁ δὲ κηρὸς ἄν δύνηται,<sup>3</sup>  
γράφει καὶ νομοὺς φιλοῦντων.<sup>4</sup>

4

Τὸν ἄργυρον τορεύων<sup>1</sup>  
Ἕφαιστέ μοι ποιήσων  
πανοπλίαν μὲν οὐχί<sup>2</sup>.  
τί γὰρ μάχαισι κάμοι<sup>3</sup>;  
5 ποτήριον δὲ κοῖλον  
ὅσον δύνῃ βαθύνας<sup>4</sup>.  
ποίει δέ μοι<sup>5</sup> κατ' αὐτὸ<sup>6</sup>  
μήτ' ἄστρα μήτ' Ἀμαξάν,  
μὴ στυγνὸν Ὠρίωνα.<sup>7</sup>  
10 τί Πλειάδων μέλει μοι,  
τί δ' ἀστέρος Βοώτεω;<sup>8</sup>  
ἀλλ' ἀμπέλους χλοώσας  
καὶ βότρυας γελῶντας<sup>9</sup>  
καὶ Μαινάδας τρυγώσας.  
15 ποίει δὲ ληνὸν οἴνου<sup>10</sup>  
καὶ χρυσέους πατοῦντας  
ὁμοῦ καλῶ Λυαίῳ  
Ἔρωτα καὶ Βάθυλλον<sup>11</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> Barnes, cf 16 8. ms δύναιτο      <sup>4</sup> E ms νόμους φιλ  
<sup>4</sup> tit τοῦ αὐτοῦ εἰς ποτήριον ἄργυροῦν, 'on a silvei cup'  
<sup>1</sup> so A. other mss τορεύσας      <sup>2</sup> om A P. xi, Cr  
<sup>3</sup> om A P xi, Cr      <sup>4</sup> so A: othei mss βάθυνον  
<sup>5</sup> G καὶ μὴ ποίει      <sup>6</sup> αὐτὸ G: other mss αὐτοῦ      <sup>7</sup> om G  
<sup>8</sup> ll 10-11 om A P xi, Pl, Cr      A τί γὰρ καλοῦ Βοώτου  
<sup>9</sup> ll 12-13 A, G ποιήσων ἀμπ μοι | καὶ β κατ' αὐτῶν (G αὐτὸ)  
A.P xi, Pl, Cr end after l 13 with σὺν τῷ καλῷ Λυαίῳ  
<sup>10</sup> om G      <sup>11</sup> after l 15 A ends with ληνοβάτας πατοῦντας, |  
τοὺς σατύρους γελῶντας | καὶ χρυσοῦς τοὺς Ἔρωτας | καὶ Κυθήρην  
γελῶσαν | ὁμοῦ καλῷ Λυαίῳ | Ἔρωτα κ' Ἀφροδίτην

## THE WINE-CUP

And, if the pencil so may dare,  
The pasture-lands of lovers.<sup>a</sup>

4, <sup>b</sup>

Take your tools, but make for me,  
Vulcan, no silver panoply ; <sup>c</sup>  
For what care I for wai's array ?  
Make me the deepest cup you may.  
No stars upon it, if you please,  
Arcturus nor the Pleiades,  
Nor yet the Wain ; Orion grim,  
What have I to do with him ? <sup>d</sup>  
But grave me on't the clambering vine  
And the laughing clusters fine, <sup>e</sup>  
And, gathering them, a Maenad crew ;  
And make a winepress on it too,  
And three gold figures treading there,  
Love, Bacchus, and my fairest fair <sup>f</sup>

<sup>a</sup> ANOTHER INTRODUCTION ; AS DIRECTION TO A PAINTER OF A LANDSCAPE OF WINE AND LOVE. Pencil the Greek is 'wai,' referring to the process of painting known as encaustic. The position of this ode next to (in our ms, as part of) the preceding, is probably due to a confusion between νόμους, 'laws,' and νομούς, 'pasture-lands'

<sup>b</sup> TO THE GRAVER, TO MAKE HIM A WINE-CUP. Cf. Gell *N.A.* xix. 9, *A P* vi 48 and *Plan*, *Cram An. Par.* iv 376

<sup>c</sup> *lit.* working the silver in relief make me no, etc.

<sup>d</sup> Cf the Shield of Achilles in Homer, *Il* xviii. 482 ff.

<sup>e</sup> The shortest (and oldest ?) version omits Arcturus and the Pleiades, and ends here with the line 'And with them the fair God of Wine'

<sup>f</sup> The Greek is 'with the fair Lyaeus Love and Bathyllus.'

# THE ANACREONTEA

5†

Καλλιτέχνα, τόρευσον  
 ἦρος κύπελλον ἤδη<sup>1</sup>  
 τὴν πρῶτ' ἡμῖν τὰ τερπνὰ<sup>2</sup>  
 ῥόδα φέρουσιν ὥρην  
 5 ἀργυρέην διπλώσας<sup>3</sup>  
 ποτὸν ποίει μοι τερπνόν  
 τὰς τελετὰς παραινῶ,<sup>4</sup>  
 μὴ ξένον μοι τορεύσης,  
 μὴ φευκτὸν ἱστόρημα  
 10 μᾶλλον ποίει Διὸς γόνον,  
 Βάκχον Εὖιον ἡμῖν,  
 μύστιν τε νάματος Κύπριν  
 ὑμεναίους κροτοῦσαν<sup>5</sup>  
 χάρασσ' Ἑρωτας ἀνόπλους  
 15 καὶ Χάριτας γελώσας  
 ὑπ' ἄμπελον εὐπέταλον  
 εὐβότρυον κομῶσαν  
 σύναπτε κούρους εὐπρεπεῖς,  
 οἷς ἂν Φοῖβος ἀθύροι.<sup>6</sup>

6

Στέφος πλέκων ποτ' εὖρον  
 ἐν τοῖς ῥόδοις Ἑρωτα,

5 tit ἄλλο εἰς τὸ αὐτὸ ποτήριον τοῦ αὐτοῦ Ἀνακρέοντος  
 'another of Anacreon on the same cup' ISOSYLLABIC  
<sup>1</sup> ἦρος: ms ἔαρος <sup>2</sup> τὴν E: ms τὰ <sup>3</sup> E: ms ἀργύρεον  
 (marg ἀργυρέων μοι) δ' ἀπλώσας <sup>4</sup> E, cf 9 1 ms gen  
<sup>5</sup> E. ms μύστις ναμ ἡ Κύπρις | υμεναίοις κροτῶσα (corruption  
 following loss of *τεν* after *τιν*) <sup>6</sup> E, cf Pind *P* 5. 23  
 Ἀπολλώνιον ἄθυρμα. ms ἂν μὴ Φ ἀθύρη 6 tit (A) τοῦ  
 αὐτοῦ εἰς Ἑρωτα 'the same on Love,' (Pl) Ἰουλιανοῦ 'by  
 24



## THE FLY IN THE CUP

5<sup>a</sup>

Graver famous, graver feat,  
Make a cup the Spring to greet  
The season that to man hath sent  
The rose, that sweetest ornament,  
Pray duplicate in silver line  
To make my drinking sweet and fine  
By all that 's holy I adjure ye  
Grave me no unfamiliar story;<sup>b</sup>  
But grave me Bacchus, son of Jove,  
    To whom the jocund Maenad cries,  
Grave me the Mystagogue of Love,<sup>c</sup>  
    Chantress of epithalamies;  
Then Cupids (but unarmed, I pray)  
And the Graces laughing gay;  
Last, 'neath leafy vine outspread  
With clusters dangling overhead,  
Some uichins dancing in a ring  
Fit toys for Phoebus' dallying

6

Weaving a crown of posies  
I found Love in the roses ;

<sup>a</sup> AN IMITATION OF THE SAME.

<sup>b</sup> *lit.* I advise you by the Mysteries do not 'chase' for me a strange or repulsive tale

<sup>c</sup> The Greek is 'Cypris, mystic of the (marriage-)bath.'

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Julianus,' ed Ald 'Ιουλιανοῦ ἀπὸ ὑπάρχων Αἰγύπτου 'by Julian Ex-prefect of a division of Egypt,' the author of 70 epigrams in the *Anthology*, fl A.D. 532, but the ode is prob much earlier      † See page 14

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καὶ τῶν πτερῶν κατασχὼν  
 ἑβάπτισ' εἰς τὸν οἶνον,  
 5 λαβὼν δ' ἔπινον αὐτόν<sup>1</sup>.  
 καὶ νῦν ἔσω μελῶν μου  
 πτέροισι γαργαλίζει.

### 7

Λέγουσιν αἱ γυναῖκες·  
 'Ἀνάκρεον, γέρων εἶ·  
 λαβὼν ἔσοπτρον ἄθρει  
 5 κόμας μὲν οὐκέτ' οὔσας  
 ψιλὸν δέ σευ μέτωπον.  
 ἐγὼ δὲ τὰς κόμας μὲν,  
 εἴτ' εἰσὶν εἴτ' ἀπῆλθον,  
 οὐκ οἶδα· τοῦτο δ' οἶδα,<sup>1</sup>  
 ὥς τῷ γέροντι μᾶλλον  
 ·10 πρέπει τὸ τερπνὰ παίζειν,  
 ὅσω πέλας τὰ Μοίρης.

### 8

Οὐ μοι μέλει τὰ Γύγῳ  
 τοῦ Σάρδεων ἀνακτος·  
 οὔθ' αἰρέει με χρυσός,<sup>1</sup>  
 οὔτε φθονῶ τυράννοισ.<sup>2</sup>  
 5 ἐμοὶ μέλει μύροισιν  
 καταβρέχειν ὑπήνην,

<sup>1</sup> Barnes : ms ἐπιον, Ald ἐπιθον      7 tit ἄλλο εἰς ἑαυτόν  
 'another on himself'      <sup>1</sup> St: ms τὸ δὲ οἶδα      8 tit.  
 εἰς τὸ ἀφθόνως ζῆν 'on being contented'      <sup>1</sup> A οὐδ' εἰλέ  
 πῶ με ζῆλος (gloss from Archil 25 Bgk)      <sup>2</sup> so A Pl  
 (but οὐδὲ): Cr. οὐ φθονέω τυράννοισ, A P xi οὐκ αἰνέω τ.

## AGE CAN STILL PLAY

By th' wings I caught him up  
And popped him in the cup ;  
Then took and quaffed  
It at a draught ;  
And now, my heart within,  
His wings play tickle-chin <sup>a</sup>

### 7

' You're old, Anacreon,'  
The ladies say ; ' look on  
' Your forehead in the glass, and see  
' How thin your love-locks be.'

As for my hair, I wot  
Not whe'r 'tis thin or not ,  
But this I know, the nigher Death's day  
The more should old men play <sup>b</sup>

### 8 <sup>c</sup>

Give me not Gyges' Sardian gold ;  
Kings may keep their wealth untold ;  
But give me nard  
Upon my beard,

<sup>a</sup> CUPID AS A FLY IN THE CUP. *Cf. Anth. Plan.* Bk. vii fin., *Anacr.* 81, *Nicet Eugen.* iii. 139.

<sup>b</sup> AGE CAN STILL PLAY

<sup>c</sup> WINE BETTER THAN WEALTH. *Cf. Anth. Pal.* xi. 47, *Plan.* fol. 27<sup>r</sup>, *Cram. A P.* iv. 376, *Cod. Par.* 1630.

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- ἔμοι μέλει ῥόδοισιν  
 καταστέφειν κάρηνα·  
 τὸ σημερὸν μέλει μοι,  
 10 τὸ δ' αὔριον τίς οἶδεν;  
 ὥς οὖν ἔτ' εὐδία 'στιν,<sup>3</sup>  
 καὶ πῖνε καὶ κύβευε  
 καὶ σπένδε τῷ Λυαίῳ,  
 μὴ νοῦσος, ἣν τις ἔλθῃ,  
 15 λέγῃ σε μηδὲ πίνειν.<sup>4</sup>

### 9

- "Αφες με, τοὺς θεοὺς σοι,  
 πιεῖν, πιεῖν ἀμυστί·  
 θέλω, θέλω μανῆναι.  
 ἔμαίνετ' Ἀλκμαῶν τε  
 5 χῶ λευκόπους Ὀρέστης  
 τὰς μητέρας κτανόντες·  
 ἐγὼ δὲ μηδένα κτάς,  
 πιών δ' ἐρυθρὸν<sup>1</sup> οἶνον,  
 θέλω, θέλω μανῆναι.  
 10 ἔμαίνετ' Ἡρακλῆς πρὶν  
 δεινὴν κλονῶν φαρέτρην  
 καὶ τόξον Ἰφίτειον·  
 ἔμαίνετο πρὶν Αἴας

<sup>3</sup> ll. 11-15 om *A.P.* xi, *Pl*, *Cr.* εὐδία 'στιν *B*: ms εὐδί'  
 ἔστιν (ὥς=έως) <sup>4</sup> *Scal*, cf *Soph Phil* 101, *Ag* 1047·  
 ms λέγει σε μὴ δεῖ π 9 tit εἰς ἑαυτὸν μεμεθυσμένον, 'on  
 himself when drunk' 1 marg λευκὸν

## A SWEET MADNESS

And roses round my brow. My care's to-day ;  
To-morrow tell who may <sup>a</sup>

So while the days are calm and fine,  
Come and toast the God of Wine ;  
Let cups be tost,  
Stakes won and lost,  
Lest sickness come and say ' The time is up ;  
Put down the festive cup ' <sup>b</sup>

### 9<sup>c</sup>

By the Gods I conjure thee,  
Let me drink and drink again ; <sup>d</sup>  
For frenzied, frenzied would I be  
O'er the blood of mother slain  
Alcmaeon and the wild-footèd  
Orestes did their fiency gain ; <sup>e</sup>  
I, by taking no man's head,  
But by draughts of liquor red—  
Thus, thus would I be frenzièd.

Hercules of yore ran mad  
With the quiver and the bow  
Of his friend th' Oechalian lad <sup>f</sup> ;  
Mad ran Ajax once alsò

<sup>a</sup> *lit* I care not for the things of Gyges, king of Sardis ; gold takes me not, nor do I envy despots , my care is to wet the hair of my lip with unguents, my care is to wreathe my head with roses , my care is to-day ; who knows the morrow ?

<sup>b</sup> *lit.* while it is still fine weather, drink and play dice and pour libations to Lyaeus, lest if any disease come it may tell thee not even to drink The other versions omit the last five lines.

<sup>c</sup> DRINK MAKES SWEET MADNESS.

<sup>d</sup> The Greek is ' drink bumpers '

<sup>e</sup> Alcmaeon slew Eriphyle, and Orestes Clytemnestra.

<sup>f</sup> Iphitus.

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15 μετ' ἄσπίδος κραδαίνων  
τὴν Ἑκτορος μάχαιραν·  
ἐγὼ δ' ἔχων<sup>2</sup> κύπελλον  
καὶ στέμμα τοῦτο χαίτης,  
οὐ τόξον, οὐ μάχαιραν,  
θέλω, θέλω μανῆναι

### 10

Τί σοι θέλεις ποιήσω,  
τί σοι, λάλ' ὦ χελιδόν<sup>1</sup>;  
τὰ ταρσά σευ τὰ κοῦφα  
θέλεις λαβὼν ψαλίζω;  
5 ἢ μᾶλλον ἔνδοθέν σευ  
τὴν γλῶσσαν, ὥς ὁ Τηρεὺς  
ἐκείνος, ἐκθερίζω;  
τί μεν καλῶν ὀνείρων  
ὑπορθρίαισι φωναῖς  
10 ἀφήρπασας Βάθυλλον;

### 11

Ἐρωτα κήρινόν τις  
νεηνίης ἐπώλει·  
ἐγὼ δέ οἱ παραστὰς  
'Πόσου θέλεις' ἔφην 'σοὶ  
5 τὸ τευχθὲν ἐκπρίωμαι,'  
ὁ δ' εἶπε Δωριάζων

<sup>2</sup> St: ms ἔχω    10 tit τοῦ αὐτοῦ εἰς χελιδόνα    <sup>1</sup> λάλ' ὦ  
St. ms λάλεω from below    11 tit τοῦ αὐτοῦ εἰς Ἐρωτα κήρινον  
'the same on a waxen Cupid'

## TO THE SWALLOW

Brandishing the sword and shield  
Of doughty Hector erst laid low ; <sup>a</sup>  
But cup would I and garland wield  
Leaving sword and bow afield—  
Thus, thus would I to frenzy yield.

10 <sup>b</sup>

How shall I serve you, chattering Swallow ?  
Clip your wayward wings about ?  
Or Tereus follow  
And your glib tongue cut out ?  
Why should your matin talk above <sup>c</sup>  
Rob my sweet dreams of my love ? <sup>d</sup>

11 <sup>e</sup>

This morn I spied a peddling lout  
That hawked a waxen Love about.  
I went to him ; ' How much ? ' I said  
In his own tongue <sup>f</sup> he answerèd

<sup>a</sup> The sword with which A. slew himself had been given him by Hector as a present.

<sup>b</sup> TO THE SWALLOW, NOT TO DISTURB HIS LOVE-DREAMS.

<sup>c</sup> *i.e.* in the eaves.

<sup>d</sup> My love : the Greek is ' Bathyllus.' What was dreamt just before dawn was supposed to come true.

<sup>e</sup> THE PEDLAR WHO SOLD CUPIDS.

<sup>f</sup> The Greek is ' in the Doric dialect '

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- ‘ Λάβ’ αὐτὸν ὅππόσου λῆς,  
 ὅκως ἂν ἐκλάβω νιν <sup>1</sup>  
 οὐκ εἰμὶ κηροτέχνας,<sup>2</sup>  
 10 ἄλλ’ οὐ τι λῶ<sup>3</sup> συνοικεῖν  
 Ἐρωτι παντορέκτα’  
 ‘ Δὸς οὖν, δὸς αὐτὸν ἡμῖν  
 δραχμῆς, καλὸν σύνευνον.’  
 Ἐρως, σὺ δ’ εὐθέως με  
 15 πύρωσον· εἰ δὲ μή, σὺ  
 κατὰ φλογὸς τακῆση

12†

- Οἱ μὲν καλὴν Κυβήβην  
 τὸν ἡμίθην Ἄττιν  
 ἐν οὖρεσιν βοῶντα  
 λέγουσιν ἐκμανῆναι.  
 5 οἱ δὲ Κλάρου παρ’ ὄχθαις  
 δαφνηφόροιο Φοίβου  
 λάλον πiónτες ὕδωρ  
 μεμνηότες βοῶσιν.  
 ἐγὼ δὲ τοῦ Λυαίου  
 10 καὶ τοῦ μύρου κορεσθεῖς  
 καὶ τῆς ἐμῆς ἐταίρης  
 θέλω, θέλω μανῆναι.

<sup>1</sup> E: ms ὅπως (corr. to ὅμως) and ἐκμάθης νιν (corr. to πᾶν)

<sup>2</sup> ms -τέχνης

<sup>3</sup> Pauw: ms οὐ θέλω

12 tit εἰς Ἄττιν

τοῦ αὐτοῦ ‘the same on Attis’



## A SWEET SURFEIT

' Ony 's the price that ye shall pay,<sup>a</sup>  
' Gin I forget him frae this day ;  
' For I'm nae toyman ; all I'm willin'  
' Is to rid me of a villain ' <sup>b</sup>  
' Then take a shilling,' answered I,  
    ' A shilling for a pretty elf.' <sup>c</sup>  
And now, Love, haste and make me fry,  
    Or you shall melt in flames yourself.

12<sup>d</sup>

'Twas Cybelè the fair, 'tis said,  
That o'er the mountains raving made  
    Half-woman Attis rove; <sup>e</sup>

And who by holy Clarus' hill  
Taste laurell'd Phoebus' wordy rill <sup>f</sup>  
    Do shrieking madmen prove.

And what shall be my madding-stuff ?  
A surfeit sweeter than enough  
    Of wine and myrrh and love. <sup>g</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *lit* take him for what price you like.

<sup>b</sup> *lit.* I do not like to live with all-doing (i.e. stick-at-nothing) Love

<sup>c</sup> *lit* bedfellow.

<sup>d</sup> WINE AND LOVE THE SWEETEST OF SURFEITS.

<sup>e</sup> *lit.* Some say it was shouting fair Cybelè that A. went mad in the hills.

<sup>f</sup> The priestess prophesied after drinking of the sacred spring, cf. *Luc. Bis Acc* 1, *Tac. Ann* 11 54.

<sup>g</sup> *lit* but as for me, I wish, I wish to go mad surfeited with Lyaeus, with unguent, and with my girl-comrade.

# THE ANACREONTEA

13

Θέλω, θέλω φιλήσαι.  
 ἔπειθ' Ἔρως φιλεῖν με·  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἔχων νόημα  
 ἄβουλον οὐκ ἐπείσθην.  
 5 ὁ δ' εὐθὺ τόξον ἄρας  
 καὶ χρυσέην<sup>1</sup> φαρέτρην  
 μάχη με προὔκαλεῖτο.  
 καὶ γὰρ λαβὼν ἐπ' ὤμων  
 θώρηχ', ὅπως Ἀχιλλεύς,  
 10 καὶ δοῦρα καὶ βοείην  
 ἐμαρνάμην Ἔρωτι.  
 ἔβαλλ', ἐγὼ δ' ἔφευγον·  
 ὥς δ' οὐκέτ' εἶχ' ὀιστούς,  
 ἥσχαλλεν, εἶτ' ἑαυτὸν  
 15 ἀφῆκεν εἰς<sup>2</sup> βέλεμνον·  
 μέσος δὲ καρδίας μεν  
 ἔδυνε καὶ μ' ἔλησεν<sup>3</sup>.  
 μάτην δ' ἐχὼ βοείην·  
 τί γὰρ βάλω μιν<sup>4</sup> ἔξω,  
 20 μάχης ἔσω μ' ἐχούσης;

14

Εἰ φύλλα πάντα δένδρων  
 ἐπίστασαι κατειπεῖν,  
 εἰ κυματωγὲς<sup>1</sup> εὐρεῖν  
 τὸ τῆς ὅλης θαλάσσης,

13 tit. τοῦ αὐτοῦ εἰς Ἔρωτα, 'the same on Love' <sup>1</sup> ms  
 χρυσίην <sup>2</sup> 'for, to serve as', oi read ὡς? <sup>3</sup> Jacobs:  
 ms ἔλυσεν <sup>4</sup> B (or φορῶ μιν? E): ms βάλομεν 14 tit  
 τοῦ αὐτοῦ εἰς ἔρωτας, 'the same on loves' <sup>1</sup> i e κυματοαγὲς  
 E, cf. Soph. O C 1243: ms κυματωδης

## A FIGHT WITH CUPID

13

I dearly long to love. One day  
Love bade me do 't,  
I, like a fool, said nay

He took his quiver gold-bedight  
And bow to boot,  
And challenged me to fight.

Like Peleus' son cuirass I sought  
And armament  
Of shield and spear, and fought.

He shot, I ran ; his shafts all sped,  
Angered he sent  
Himself at me instead.

He pierced my inmost heart, and laid  
Me wasted quite ;  
My buckler 's useless made

For what is outward equipage,  
When he the fight  
Doth still within me wage ? <sup>a</sup>

14 <sup>b</sup>

If you can count the leaves of all the trees,  
The sands of all the seas,

<sup>a</sup> THE FIGHT WITH CUPID. *lit.* why (or what) should I cast at him outside when battle possesses me within? But a more probable reading makes 'why should I wear it (the shield) outside, when,' etc.

<sup>b</sup> A CATALOGUE OF LOVES.

## THE ANACREONTEA

- 5     σὲ τῶν ἐμῶν ἐρώτων  
       μόνον ποῶ λογιστήν.  
       πρῶτον μὲν ἐξ Ἀθηνῶν  
       ἔρωτας εἵκοσιν θές  
       καὶ πεντεκαίδεκ' ἄλλους.
- 10    ἔπειτα δ' ἐκ Κορίνθου  
       θές ὄρμαθους ἐρώτων.  
       Ἀχαιῆς γάρ ἐστιν,  
       ὅπου καλαὶ γυναῖκες.  
       τίθει δὲ Λεσβίους μοι
- 15    καὶ μέχρι τῶν Ἰώνων  
       καὶ Καρίης Ῥόδου τε<sup>2</sup>  
       δισχιλίους ἔρωτας  
       τί φῆς; ἐκηριώθης<sup>3</sup>,  
       οὐπω Σύρους ἔλεξα,
- 20    οὐπω πόθους Κανώβου,  
       οὐ τῆς ἅπαντ' ἐχούσης  
       Κρήτης,<sup>4</sup> ὅπου πόλεσσιν  
       Ἔρωσ ἐποργιάζει.  
       τί σοι θέλεις <μ'> ἀριθμεῖν<sup>5</sup>
- 25    καὶ τοὺς πέρα Γαδεῖρων<sup>6</sup>  
       τῶν Βακτρίων τε κ' Ἰνδῶν<sup>7</sup>  
       ψυχῆς ἐμῆς ἔρωτας;

15

- Ἐρασμὶή πέλεια,  
       πόθεν, πόθεν πετᾶσαι<sup>1</sup>;  
       πόθεν μύρων τοσοῦτων  
       ἐπ' ἡέρος θέουσα
- 5    πνεῖεις τε καὶ ψεκάζεις;  
       τί ἐστί σοι μέλει δέ<sup>2</sup>;

## A CATALOGUE OF LOVES

Then will I have you Lord High Reckoner be  
 Of loves to me  
 First twenty loves, nay, thirty-five set down  
 From Athens town,  
 And loves in bunches then from Corinth city  
 (Achaean girls are pretty) ; <sup>a</sup>

To Lesbos, Rhodes, Ionia, Caria come  
 And fifty score 's the sum  
 What ? does your poor head swim ? there 's Syria yet,  
 And don't forget  
 Egypt, nor Crete, <sup>b</sup> where all wares may be had  
 And Love runs mad. <sup>c</sup>  
 Shall I add loves beyond Gadire that fall,  
 Ind, Bactria, and all ? <sup>d</sup>

15 <sup>e</sup>

Whence come you, Dove so dear,  
 Whence through the airy sphere  
 Your course have bent  
 All balm-bespiant ?  
 What is your errand here ?

<sup>a</sup> *lit* , it is in Achaea, where the women are pretty.

<sup>b</sup> An ancient variant was ' Rome,' but the sequel proves  
 ' Crete ' the older reading

<sup>c</sup> *lit*. Love revels among the cities.

<sup>d</sup> Gadire is Cadiz, Bactria Afghanistan.

<sup>e</sup> THE DOVE'S ERRAND.

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<sup>2</sup> St : ms Καρίην 'Ρόδον τε      <sup>3</sup> B : ms ἀείληρωθεις      <sup>4</sup> ms  
 marg 'Ρώμης      <sup>5</sup> μ' sugg. Preisendanz      <sup>6</sup> E : ms  
 τ Γαδείρων ἐκτὸς      <sup>7</sup> τῶν : Brunck τοὺς      15 tit. τοῦ  
 αὐτοῦ εἰς περιστέραν, 'the same on a dove'      <sup>1</sup> Pauw . ms  
 πέτασαι      <sup>2</sup> E, cf. Ar. *Thesm* 193 : ms τίς ἐστι, κτλ

## THE ANACREONTEA

- ‘ Ἀνακρέων μ’ ἔπεμψε  
 πρὸς παῖδα, πρὸς Βάθυλλον,  
 τὸν ἄρτι τῶν ἀπάντων  
 10 κρατοῦντα καὶ τύραννον.  
 πέπρακέ μ’ ἡ Κυθήρη<sup>3</sup>  
 λαβοῦσα μικρὸν ὕμνον·  
 ἐγὼ δ’ Ἀνακρέοντι  
 διακονῶ τοσοῦτου.<sup>4</sup>  
 15 καὶ νῦν, ὄρᾱς,<sup>5</sup> ἐκείνου  
 ἐπιστολὰς κομίζω·  
 καὶ φησιν εὐθέως με  
 ἐλευθέρην ποιήσειν  
 ἐγὼ δέ, κῆν ἀφῇ με,  
 20 δούλη μενῶ παρ’ αὐτῷ  
 τί γάρ με δεῖ πετᾶσθαι<sup>6</sup>  
 ὄρη τε καὶ κατ’ ἀγρούς  
 κἂν<sup>7</sup> δένδρεσιν καθίζειν  
 φαγοῦσαν ἄγριόν τ ;  
 25 τὰ νῦν ἔδω μὲν ἄρτον  
 ἀφαρπάσασα χειρῶν  
 Ἀνακρέοντος αὐτοῦ·  
 πιεῖν δέ μοι δίδωσι  
 τὸν οἶνον ὃν προπίνειν·  
 30 πιοῦσα δ’ ἀγχορεύω<sup>8</sup>  
 καὶ δεσπότη κρέκοντι<sup>9</sup>  
 πτεροῖσι συγκολάπτω<sup>10</sup>.  
 κοιμωμένου<sup>11</sup> δ’ ἐπ’ αὐτῷ  
 τῷ βαρβίτῳ καθεύδω [over]

<sup>3</sup> Faber: ms με K      <sup>4</sup> E, ‘and that’s the price A paid  
 for my services’: ms τοσαῦτα      <sup>5</sup> St: ms οἷας      <sup>6</sup> Sitz:  
 ms πέτασθαι      <sup>7</sup> Pauw: ms καὶ      <sup>8</sup> Hanssen: ms ἀν  
 χορεύσω      <sup>9</sup> B-E: ms δεσπότην Ἀνακρέοντα      <sup>10</sup> E: ms  
 σὺν καλύψω glossed συσκιᾶσω      <sup>11</sup> B: ms -νῃ

## THE DOVE'S ERRAND

' Anacreon's business brings  
' This way my wandering wings  
    ' To 's heart's delight,  
    ' Bathyllus hight,  
' Now king of all his kings.

' Of Venus bought he me,  
' His courier to be,  
    ' For one poor song ;  
    ' He says ere long  
' He 'll set his courier free.<sup>a</sup>

' E'en so, in servitude  
' I'll stay : o'er wold and wood  
    ' Why vagrant it  
    ' On trees to sit  
' And feed on wild-birds' food ?

' Now, bread 's my meat in store  
' From his own hands, and more,  
    ' Red wine I sup  
    ' From out the cup  
' Where he hath supped before.

' Then to his verse's chime  
' I clap my wings in time ;<sup>b</sup>  
    ' And soon, when sleep  
    ' His eye doth steep,  
' Dream on his lyre sublime.

[over]

<sup>a</sup> The Greek is ' Cytherea has sold me for a little song, and I serve Anacreon for that price, and now, as you see, I carry his letters ; and he says that he will presently set me free.'

<sup>b</sup> The ref. is apparently to the antics of a dove when it coos, but ' clapping the wings ' does not suit this very well, and the reading is not certain

# THE ANACREONTEA

35 ἔχεις ἅπαντ'· ἄπελθε·  
λαλιστέραν μ' ἔθηκας,  
ἄνθρωπε, καὶ κορώνης·

16

Ἄγε, ζωγράφων ἄριστε,<sup>1</sup>  
γράφε, ζωγράφων ἄριστε,  
'Ροδίης<sup>2</sup> κοίρανε τέχνης,<sup>3</sup>  
ἄπεουσάν, ὡς ἂν εἶπω,  
5 γράφε τὴν ἐμὴν ἑταίρην.  
γράφε μοι τρίχας τὸ πρῶτον  
ἄπαλὰς τε καὶ μελαίνας  
ὃ δὲ κηρὸς ἂν δύνηται,  
γράφε καὶ μύρου πνεούσας.  
10 γράφε δ' ἐξ ὅλης παρειῆς  
ὑπὸ πορφυραῖσι χαίταις  
ἐλεφάντινον μέτωπον.  
τὸ μεσόφρυον δὲ μή μοι  
διάκοπτε μηδὲ<sup>4</sup> μίσγε,  
15 ἐχέτω δ', ὅπως ἐκείνη,  
τὸ λεληθότως σύνοφρυ<sup>5</sup>  
βλεφάρων ἴτυς κελαινή<sup>6</sup>  
τὸ δὲ βλέμμα νῦν ἀληθῶς  
ἀπὸ τοῦ πυρὸς ποίησον,  
20 ἅμα γλαυκὸν ὡς Ἀθήνης,  
ἅμα δ' ὑγρὸν ὡς Κυθήρης.  
γράφε ῥῖνα<sup>7</sup> καὶ παρειὰς  
ρόδα τῷ γάλακτι μίξας

16 tit τοῦ αὐτοῦ εἰς κόρην, 'the same on a girl' <sup>1</sup> this  
line perhaps an incorporated gloss from Ode 3 <sup>2</sup> St  
ms ῥοδέης <sup>3</sup> this line being the only Ionic in an Od.  
of 34 lines is perhaps an addition <sup>4</sup> ms μήτε <sup>5</sup> St



## TO A PAINTER

‘ Now, Sir, I’ve said my say ;  
‘ You ’ve made me piate all day ;  
‘ No talking crow  
‘ Would chatter so ;  
‘ Enough ; pray go your way.’<sup>a</sup>

16<sup>b</sup>

Come, master of the Rhodian art<sup>c</sup>  
And draw the darling of my heart ,  
She’s absent, but your paint lay on  
To her swain’s dictation  
Make soft and black the hair of her  
And, if brush may,<sup>d</sup> to smell of myrrh ;  
Make her full-face, the locks of jet  
Over ivory temples set ;  
Her eyebrows neither join nor sever,  
But make (as ’tis) that selvage never  
Clearly one nor surely two ;<sup>e</sup>  
Her glance be fire (no mimic hue)  
Like Pallas grey, like Venus tender ;  
For her cheeks and nose to render  
Mingle rose-leaves with the cream ;

<sup>a</sup> The Greek is ‘ you have all , go your way ; you have made me more talkative, sir, than a very crow.’

<sup>b</sup> TO A PAINTER, HOW TO PAINT HIS BELOVED.

<sup>c</sup> Painting.

<sup>d</sup> The Greek is ‘ if wax may, to smell of perfume.’

<sup>e</sup> Cf Theocr viii. 72 , *lit.* divide not nor mingle, pray, the mid-eyebrow, but let the black edging of her eyes have, as it has (in reality), the hardly noticeable joined-eyebrowness.

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or keep ms -vv as neuter? *E*, see on 28 6

<sup>6</sup> *E*. ms acc.

<sup>7</sup> St: ms *pîvas*

## THE ANACREONTEA

- 25 γράφε χεῖλος οἶα Πειθοῦς  
 προκαλούμενον φίλημα.  
 τρυφεροῦ δ' ἔσω γενείου  
 περί λυγδίνῳ τραχήλῳ  
 Χάριτες πέτοινο πᾶσαι.  
 στόλισον τὸ λοιπὸν αὐτὴν  
 30 ὑποπορφύροισι πέπλοις,  
 διαφαινέτω δὲ σαρκῶν  
 ὀλίγον, τὸ σῶμ' ἐλέγχον.  
 ἀπέχει βλέπω γὰρ αὐτὴν·  
 τάχα, κηρέ, καὶ λαλήσεις.

### 17

- Γράφε μοι Βάθυλλον οὔτω  
 τὸν ἑταῖρον ὡς διδάσκω·  
 λιπαρὰς κόμας ποίησον,  
 τὰ μὲν ἔνδοθεν μελαίνας,  
 5 τὰ δ' ἐς ἄκρον ἡλιώσας.<sup>1</sup>  
 ἔλικας δ' ἐλευθέρους μοι  
 πλοκάμων ἄτακτα συνθεῖς  
 ἄφες ὡς θέλωσι κεῖσθαι  
 ἀπαλὸν δὲ καὶ δροσῶδες  
 10 στεφέντω μέτωπον ὀφρὺς  
 κυανωτέρῃ δρακόντων  
 μέλαν ὄμμα γοργὸν ἔστω  
 κεκερασμένον γαλήνῃ,  
 τὸ μὲν ἐξ Ἄρῃος ἔλκον,<sup>2</sup>  
 15 τὸ δὲ τῆς καλῆς Κυθήρης,  
 ἵνα τις τὸ μὲν φοβῇται<sup>3</sup>

17 tit. *eis* νεώτερον Βάθυλλον, 'on the younger Bathyllus'  
<sup>1</sup> τὰ μὲν . . . τὰ δ' St. ms τὰς μὲν . . . τὰς δ' <sup>2</sup> St: ms -ων  
<sup>3</sup> St: ms -εῖται

## TO A PAINTER

And that the lip like hers may seem,  
Make it what Persuasion's is,<sup>a</sup>  
Provocation to a kiss ;  
And then beneath a shapely chin  
Let every Grace fly out and in  
About a marble throat ; the rest  
Be in a chastened purple drest,  
But let her flesh peep here and there  
The lines of beauty to declare.<sup>b</sup>  
You've limned her to the life, so take your price ;<sup>c</sup>  
You, colours, will be speaking in a trice.

17 <sup>d</sup>

Limn me thus the lad I love <sup>e</sup>  
Sleek and shining make his hair,  
Dark beneath, sun-bright above,  
And let the love-locks free as air  
Lie as they will, disordered, there ;  
Make his forehead soft as dew  
And wreath 't with brows of snaky hue ;  
For 's dark eyes mix fierceness bright  
With a calm and gentle light,  
This from the mighty War-God brought,  
That in Cytherea sought,  
This to affright us when he looks,

<sup>a</sup> The Greek is 'and make her lip like Persuasion's '

<sup>b</sup> *lit.* let a little of the flesh show through, proving (the existence of) the body.

<sup>c</sup> The Greek is 'it is enough, for I see herself '

<sup>d</sup> AN IMITATION OF THE SAME.

<sup>e</sup> Lad : the Greek is 'Bathyllus.'

## THE ANACREONTEA

- τὸ δ'<sup>4</sup> ἄπ' ἐλπίδος κρεμᾶται <sup>5</sup>  
 ῥόδεον<sup>6</sup> δ' ὅποια μῆλον  
 χνοῖην ποίει παρειήν·  
 20 ἐρύθημα δ' ὥς ἂν Αἰδοῦς,  
 δύνασαι γάρ, ἐμποίησον.<sup>7</sup>  
 τὸ δὲ χεῖλος οὐκέτ' οἶδα  
 τίνι μοι τρόπῳ ποιήσεις  
 ἀπαλὸν γέμον τε πειθοῦς <sup>8</sup>  
 25 τὸ δὲ πᾶν ὃ κηρὸς αὐτὸ<sup>9</sup>  
 ἐχέτω λαλοῦν σιωπῇ.<sup>10</sup>  
 μετὰ δὲ πρόσωπον ἔστω  
 τὸν Ἀδώνιδος παρελθὼν<sup>11</sup>  
 ἐλεφάντινος τράχηλος  
 30 μεταμάζιον δὲ ποίει  
 διδύμας τε χεῖρας Ἑρμοῦ,  
 Πολυδεύκεος δὲ μηρούς,  
 Διονυσίην δὲ νηδύν·  
 ἀπαλῶν δ' ὕπερθε μηρῶν,  
 35 μηρῶν τὸ πῦρ ἐχόντων,  
 ἀφελῇ ποίησον αἰδῶ  
 Παφίην θέλουσαν ἤδη  
 φθονερὴν ἔχεις δὲ τέχνην,  
 ὅτι μὴ<sup>12</sup> τὰ νῶτα δεῖξαι  
 40 δύνασαι· τὰ δ' ἦν ἀμείνω.  
 τί με δεῖ πόδας διδάσκειν;  
 λάβε μισθὸν ὅσον εἵπης,<sup>13</sup>  
 τὸν Ἀπόλλωνα δὲ τοῦτον  
 καθελὼν ποίει Βάθυλλον·  
 45 ἦν δ' ἐς Σάμον ποτ' ἔλθης,  
 γράφε Φοῖβον ἐκ Βαθύλλου.

<sup>4</sup> St: ms τοῦ δ'  
 ῥοδινην corr. to ῥοδέην

<sup>5</sup> St ms κρέματα <sup>6</sup> r  
<sup>7</sup> B: ms δ. βαλεῖν ποίησ

## TO A PAINTER

To keep us that on tenterhooks.  
 Sample for his downy cheek  
 In a rosy apple seek ;  
 For the blush that on it lies,  
 Take, as you may take, Modesty's ;  
 The lip, I know not how you'll draw 't  
 With softness and persuasion fraught,  
 But let the silent colours be  
 A speaking taciturnity  
 So far the face ; let the neck's charms  
 Out-ivory Adon's ; breast and arms  
 From Mercury take ; let Pollux tell ye  
 Where to get thighs, and Bacchus belly;  
 Where those tender thighs commence  
 Mix love with shamefast innocence <sup>a</sup>  
 Your art 's a niggard ; else it would  
 Add back to front, and better good.  
 What need to tell how 's feet to make ?  
 Enough ; the fee 's whate'er you 'll take.  
 Lift yon Phoebus from his nail ;  
     There Bathyllus' pattern is ;  
 And if to Samos e'er you sail.  
     Take Phoebus' portraiture from his.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *lit* and above the tender thighs, thighs which possess fire, make a simple shame (*or* modesty) that already desires the Paphian.

<sup>b</sup> Metre suggests that line 35 and the last 4 of the Ode are additions.

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<sup>8</sup> τε St: ms τὸ                      <sup>9</sup> Ε (τὸ πᾶν adverbial): ms αὐτὸς  
<sup>10</sup> λαλοῦν B ms -ῶν              <sup>11</sup> Salm. ms τὸ δ' Α παρῆλθε(ε)  
<sup>12</sup> St. ms μοι                      <sup>13</sup> ὅσσον St: ms ὅσον

## THE ANACREONTEA

### 18A†

Δότε μοι, δότ', ὦ γυναῖκες,  
 Βρομίου πιεῖν ἄμυστί·  
 ἀπὸ καύματος γὰρ ἤδη  
 πυρεθεῖς<sup>1</sup> ἀναστενάζω.  
 5 δότε δ' ἀνθέων ἐκείνου  
 στεφάνους οἷσις πυκάσσω<sup>2</sup>  
 τὰ μέτωπά μου ἵπικαυτα<sup>3</sup>.  
 τὸ δὲ καῦμα τῶν ἐρώτων  
 κραδίη τίνι σκεπάσσω;<sup>4</sup>

### 18B†

Παρὰ τὴν σκιὴν Βαθύλλου  
 καθίσω· καλὸν τὸ δένδρον,  
 ἀπαλὰς σίει δὲ χαίτας<sup>1</sup>  
 μαλακωτάτων κλαδίσκων.<sup>2</sup>  
 5 παρὰ δ' αὐτὸν ἡρεμίζει<sup>3</sup>  
 πηγὴ ῥέουσα πειθῶ.<sup>4</sup>  
 τίς ἂν οὖν ὄρων παρέλθοι  
 καταγώγιον τοιοῦτο;

### 19

Αἰ Μοῦσαι τὸν Ἑρωτα  
 δήσασαι στεφάνοισι  
 τῷ Κάλλει παρέδωκαν·

18a tit. τοῦ αὐτοῦ ἐρωτικὸν ῥάδιον, 'by the same, a little love-poem' <sup>1</sup> from πυρέσσω, *E*: ms πυρωθεῖς corr. to προδοθεῖς

ὡς πυκάζω <sup>2</sup> *E* (or ὅπως?): ms δ' οἷους πυκάζω *B* δόθ' <sup>3</sup> *E*, cf. ἐπικάειω: ms μου ἵπικαίει (ει corr. to ω)

<sup>4</sup> ms κραδίη (as voc Longepierre) τίνι σκεπάζω (ζ corr. to σ)

18b tit. ἄλλο εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν (sc. Βάθυλλον) 'another to Bathyllus'

<sup>1</sup> St., cf. Anacr. 50· ms δ' ἔσεισε χ <sup>2</sup> *B*. ms dat. sing.

<sup>3</sup> *E*· ms ἐρεθίζει <sup>4</sup> *E*: ms πιθοῦς (i.e. πειθοῦς) 19 tit.

ἄλλο εἰς Ἑρωτα, τοῦ αὐτοῦ, 'by the same, another on Love'

## BATHYLLUS' BEAUTY

18A

Give me the Wine-God's bowl,  
Ladies, I would drink deep :  
These fever-fostering hours  
Do make me weep

Give me the Wine-God's flowers  
My burning brow to cover ;  
But what can shade the soul  
Of fevered lover ? <sup>a</sup>

18B <sup>b</sup>

Beneath Bathyllus' shade I'll sit ;  
'Tis prettiest of trees,  
And soft the dainty sprays of it  
Toss on the breeze ;

Beside it sweet Persuasion's brook  
Goes peacefully ;  
What wayfarer so fair a nook <sup>c</sup>  
Could see and pass it by ?

19 <sup>d</sup>

Young Love the Muses nine  
Bound once in flowery twine  
And made him Beauty's slave ;

<sup>a</sup> TO THE LADIES, TO COMFORT HIS LOVE WITH WINE

<sup>b</sup> BATHYLLUS' BEAUTY.

<sup>c</sup> The Greek is 'inn.'

<sup>d</sup> CUPID BEAUTY'S SLAVE Cf Nicet Eugen. 11. 227.  
Apparently an inscription for a picture.

## THE ANACREONTEA

καὶ νῦν ἡ Κυθέρεια  
 ζητεῖ λύτρα φέρουσα  
 λύσασθαι τὸν Ἑρωτα.  
 καὶ λύση δέ τις αὐτόν,  
 οὐκ ἔξεισι, μενεῖ δέ.<sup>1</sup>  
 δουλεύειν δεδίδακται.

20†

Ἠδυμελὴς Ἀνακρέων,  
 ἡδυμελὴς δὲ Σαπφώ.  
 Πινδαρικόν τι δέ μοι μέλος<sup>1</sup>  
 συγκεράσας τις ἐγχείοι.  
 5 τὰ τρία ταῦτά μοι δοκεῖ  
 καὶ Διόνυσος ἐλθὼν<sup>2</sup>  
 καὶ Παφίη λιπαρόχροος  
 καὐτὸς Ἑρως ἂν ἐκπιεῖν.<sup>3</sup>

21†

Πηγὴν μὲν αἶα πίνει,  
 πίνει δὲ δένδρε' αἶαν<sup>1</sup>  
 πίνει θάλασσαν ἀναύρους,<sup>2</sup>  
 ὃ δ' ἥλιος θάλασσαν,  
 5 τὸν δ' ἥλιον σελήνη.  
 τί μοι μάχεσθ', ἑταῖροι,  
 καὐτῷ θέλοντι πίνειν;

22†

Ἡ Ταντάλου ποτ' ἔστη  
 λίθος Φρυγῶν ἐν ὄχθαις,

<sup>1</sup> μενεῖ St ms μένει 20 tit. ἄλλο 'another' <sup>1</sup> τι δέ E:  
 ms τόδε <sup>2</sup> Herm. ms εἰσελθὼν <sup>3</sup> Herm: ms καὶ ἐπιεῖν  
 21 tit ἄλλο 'another' <sup>1</sup> E, C.R., 1914, 132: ms ἡ γῆ



## A PRESCRIPTION

- Now Venus would him free,  
And ransom brings ; but he  
Grown used to slavery  
His mistress will not leave.<sup>a</sup>

20

Anacreon's wine is sweet enough,  
And Sappho's sweet may be ,  
But add a drop of Pindar's stuff  
Before you fill for me.

These three together mixed, methinks,  
Would draw Gods from above ;  
Bacchus would quaff this drink of drinks,  
Bright Venus, yea, and Love.<sup>b</sup>

21

Earth drinks the brook, and tree  
The earth ; and even so  
The sea the river, sun the sea,  
And moon the sun Then why make ye,  
My comrades, this ado,  
If I 'ld be drinking too ?<sup>c</sup>

22 <sup>d</sup>

A stone on Phrygia's hills, they say,  
Was daughter of an Argive king ;<sup>e</sup>

<sup>a</sup> The Greek adds ' even if he be loosed.'

<sup>b</sup> A PRESCRIPTION FOR SONGS OF LOVE AND WINE.  
Apparently a poem introductory to a collection of Love-Eulogies.

<sup>c</sup> TO HIS COMRADES, TO JUSTIFY HIMSELF IN DRINKING.

<sup>d</sup> TO HIS BELOVED, THAT HE WOULD FAIN BE HER SERVANT.

<sup>e</sup> The Greek is ' the daughter of Tantalus (Niobe) once stood as a stone in the hills of Phrygia.'

---

μέλαινα π , π δένδρεα δ' αὐτήν <sup>2</sup> Heskin, cf 31 4. ms  
θάλασσα δ' αὔρας 22 tit. ἄλλο εἰς κόρην ' another, to a girl '

## THE ANACREONTEA

καὶ παῖς ποτ' ὄρνις ἔπτη  
Πανδίωνος χελιδών.

- 5 ἐγὼ δ' ἔσοπτρον εἶην  
ὅπως αἰὲ βλέπῃς με·  
ἐγὼ χίτων γενοίμην  
ὅπως αἰὲ φορῇς με·
- 10 ὕδωρ θέλω γενέσθαι  
ὅπως σε<sup>1</sup> χρώτα λούσω·  
μύρον, γύναι, γενοίμην  
ὅπως ἐγὼ σ' ἀλείψω<sup>2</sup>·
- 15 καὶ ταινίη δὲ μασθῶ  
καὶ μάργαρον τραχήλῳ  
καὶ σάνδαλον γενοίμην·  
μόνον ποσὶν πάτει με.

### 23

- Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρείδας,  
θέλω δὲ Κάδμον ᾄδειν,  
ἃ βάρβιτος δὲ χορδαῖς  
Ἔρωτα μοῦνον ἤχει
- 5 ἤμειψα νεῦρα πρῶην  
καὶ τὴν λύρην ᾠπασαν·  
καὶ γὰρ μὲν ᾗδον ἄθλους  
Ἡρακλέους λύρη δὲ  
ἔρωτας ἀντεφώνει
- 10 χαίροιτε λοιπὸν ἡμῖν,  
ἥρωες<sup>1</sup>· ἡ λύρη γὰρ  
μόνους ἔρωτας ᾄδει.

<sup>1</sup> σε St. ms σεῦ      <sup>2</sup> Brunck ms ἀλείφω  
κιθάραν τοῦ αὐτοῦ 'by the same, on his lyre'  
ἔρωτες

23 tit εἰς  
<sup>1</sup> St: ms

## THE DISOBEDIENT LYRE

Pandion's child <sup>a</sup> once passed away  
To be a swallow on the wing.  
My wish it were your glass to be,  
That you might ever gaze on me ;  
And I would be your lawny vest,  
That you might aye be in me drest ;  
And I would turn to watery wave  
That I your pretty cheek might lave ;  
And then I 'ld fain become, my dear,  
A box of nard to anoint your hair ;  
Then pearl for throat, then silken twine  
Swelling bosom to confine ; <sup>b</sup>  
Then sandal, and pray don't forget  
On your sandal foot to set.

23 <sup>c</sup>

Of Atreus' sons I 'ld sing,  
Of Cadmus tell ;  
My lute  
For all but Love is mute.

When once I changed each string,  
Then lyre as well,  
Fain of Alcides' might <sup>d</sup>  
To indite,

Love's chime alone would ring  
Ye great, farewell !  
My lyre  
Love only doth inspire.

<sup>a</sup> Procnè.

<sup>b</sup> Cf. Nic. Eugen. ii. 327, to whom apparently ll. 13-14 were unknown.

<sup>c</sup> OF HIS LYRE ; THAT IT WILL PLAY ONLY OF LOVE

<sup>d</sup> The Greek is ' the Labours of Heracles.'

# THE ANACREONTEA

24

Φύσις κέρατα ταύροις,  
 ὅπλας δ' ἔδωκεν ἵπποις,  
 ποδωκίην λαγωοῖς,  
 λέουσι χάσμ' ὀδόντων,  
 5 τοῖς ἰχθύσιν τὸ νηκτόν,  
 τοῖς ὀρνέοις πετᾶσθαι,<sup>1</sup>  
 τοῖς ἀνδράσιν φρόνημα.  
 γυναιξὶν οὐκ ἐπέειχεν<sup>2</sup>;  
 τί οὐ; δίδωσι κάλλος<sup>3</sup>  
 10 ἀντ' ἀσπιδῶν ἀπασῶν,  
 ἀντ' ἐγχείων ἀπάντων.  
 νικᾷ δὲ καὶ σίδηρον  
 καὶ πῦρ καλή τις οὔσα.

25

Σὺ μέν, φίλη<sup>1</sup> χελιδόν,  
 ἐτησίη μολοῦσα  
 θέρει πλέκεις καλήν<sup>2</sup>  
 χειμῶνι δ' εἰς ἄφαντος  
 5 ἢ Νεῖλον ἢ ἔπι Μέμφιν.<sup>3</sup>  
 Ἐρως δ' αἰεὶ πλέκει μεν  
 ἐν καρδίῃ καλήν<sup>4</sup>.  
 Πόθος δ' ὁ μὲν πτεροῦται,  
 ὁ δ' ὥόν ἐστιν ἀκμήν,  
 10 ὁ δ' ἡμίλεπτος<sup>5</sup> ἤδη.  
 βοή δὲ γίνετ' αἰεὶ  
 κεχηνότων νεοττῶν.

24 ti. ἄλλο ἐρωτικόν 'another love-poem' <sup>1</sup> Sitz: ms πέτασθαι <sup>2</sup> Davies, 'did she pay no attention to women?': ms οὐκέτ' εἶχεν <sup>3</sup> E, τί οὐ = 'yes'. ms τί

## THE POWER OF BEAUTY

24

Nature gave horns to bull and hooves to horse,  
Gave lions ravening jaws, gave hares swift course,  
Made fish to swim, birds fly,  
Man to be wise.

Then passed she woman by ?  
Nay, gave her, strong as any sword or shield,  
Beauty, to whose fair eyes  
Both steel and flame do yield <sup>a</sup>

25 <sup>b</sup>

You come, dear Swallow, with each Spring,  
And build and stay awhile ; <sup>c</sup>  
Each autumn sends you on the wing  
To Memphis or the Nile.

But Love, alas ! within my breast  
Hath got an ever-building nest ;  
And one chick 's well-nigh fledged, and one  
Unhatched, another's callow grown,  
And gaping younglings ne'er give o'er  
Their chirping infant cries, and more,

<sup>a</sup> THE POWER OF BEAUTY Cf. Nicet Eugen. v. 149.

<sup>b</sup> THE NEST OF LOVE. Cf. Nicet. Eugen v. 131.

<sup>c</sup> Nic. apparently read 'build one nest for two young ones' ; but this version is better, for the contrast is between the short nesting-time of the swallow and the never-ending nest-building of Love ; on the other hand his omission of ll. 13-14, 'the lesser by the great are fed,' is an improvement on the above, and may well be correct

οὐν δίδωσι. κάλλος  
on a swallow'

25 τίτ τοῦ αὐτοῦ εἰς χελιδόνα, 'the same

<sup>1</sup> Nic. καλή for φιλῆ <sup>2</sup> B. supplies  
a line from Nic διττοῖς μίαν νεοττοῖς <sup>3</sup> l. 5 apparently

unknown to Nic · ἡ 's Νεῖλον ? E <sup>4</sup> καρδίη St. ms καρδίη

<sup>5</sup> St. ms ἡμῶν λεπτὸς

## THE ANACREONTEA

Ἐρωτιδεῖς δὲ μικροὺς  
 οἱ μείζονες τρέφουσιν,<sup>6</sup>  
 15 οἱ δὲ τραφέντες εὐθύς  
 πάλιν κύουσιν ἄλλους.  
 τί μῆχος οὖν γένηται;  
 οὐ γὰρ σθένω τοσοῦτους  
 Ἐρωτας ἐκποῆσαι<sup>7</sup>

26†

Σὺ μὲν λέγεις τὰ Θήβης,  
 ὁ δ' αὖ Φρυγῶν αὐτάς,  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἐμὰς ἀλώσεις.  
 οὐχ ἵππος ὤλεσέν με,  
 5 οὐ πεζός, οὐχὶ νῆες,  
 στρατὸς δὲ καινὸς ἄλλος  
 ἀπ' ὀμμάτων με βάλλων.

27

Ἐν ἰσχύιοις μὲν ἵπποι  
 πυρὸς χάραγμ' ἔχουσιν,  
 καὶ Παρθίους τις ἄνδρας  
 ἐγνώρισεν τιάραις.  
 5 ἐγὼ δὲ τοὺς ἐρῶντας  
 ἰδὼν ἐπίσταμ' εὐθύς·  
 ἔχουσι γὰρ τι λεπτὸν  
 ψυχῆς ἔσω χάραγμα.

<sup>6</sup> ll. 13-14 unknown to Nic.      <sup>7</sup> Scal ms ἐκποῆσαι.  
 what Nic. had is not clear (Ἐρωτιδεῖς γὰρ οὐ τοσοῦτους  
 ἰσχύει | ἀεὶ τολεῦειν, ζωπυρεῖν, φέρειν, τρέφειν), prob. ἐκ-  
 πονῆσαι (Sitz), though this would really require Ἐρωσιν;  
 it might however be a corruption of ἐκποῆσαι      26 tit.  
 ἄλλο ἐρωτικὸν ὠδάριον 'another little love-poem'      27 joined  
 to 26 in ms

## BEAUTY'S EYES

The lesser by the great are fed,  
And all no sooner featherèd  
Than these with those do mate, and lay  
    New eggs and rear fresh broods.  
What can I do ? I can't away  
    With Love in multitudes <sup>a</sup>

26 <sup>b</sup>

Thebes doth your verse employ,  
Another's, frays of Troy ;  
    My tale shall be  
    The Sack of Me <sup>c</sup>

No ships were my undoing,  
Nor horse nor foot my ruin,  
    But barbarous foes  
    With eyes for bows

27 <sup>d</sup>

By 's mark your horse you'll own,<sup>e</sup>  
By 's hat a Parthian 's known ;  
When I a lover see,  
He 's straightway known to me ;  
For in his soul doth stand  
A certain little brand.

<sup>a</sup> ms reading doubtful ; perhaps the meaning is more particular, ' put out to adoption ' or ' sell '

<sup>b</sup> BEAUTY'S EYES.      <sup>c</sup> Ref. to the *Sack of Troy*, a poem.

<sup>d</sup> THE MARK OF LOVE.

<sup>e</sup> The Greek is ' horses have a brand on their haunches.'

# THE ANACREONTEA

28

"Οτ'<sup>1</sup> ἀνὴρ ὁ τῆς Κυθήρης  
 παρὰ Λημνίαις καμίνοις  
 τὰ βέλη τὰ τῶν Ἑρώτων  
 ἐπόει λαβὼν σίδηρον,  
 5 ἀκίδας ἔβαπτε Κύπρις<sup>2</sup>  
 μέλι τὸ γλυκὺ<sup>3</sup> λαβοῦσα·  
 ὁ δ' Ἔρωσ χολὴν ἔμισγε  
 ὁ δ' Ἄρης ποτ' ἐξ αὐτῆς  
 στιβαρὸν δόρυ κραδαίνων  
 10 βέλος ἠϋτέλιζ' Ἔρωτος·  
 ὁ δ' Ἔρωσ 'Τὸ δ' ἐστίν' εἶπεν  
 'βαρὺ· πειράσας νοήσεις.'  
 ἔλαβεν βέλεμνον Ἄρης·  
 ὑπεμειδίασε Κύπρις.  
 15 ὁ δ' Ἄρης ἀναστενάξας  
 'Βαρὺ' φησὶν 'ἄρον αὐτό.'  
 ὁ δ' Ἔρωσ 'Ἔχ' αὐτό' φησὶν.

29

Χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φιλῆσαι,  
 χαλεπὸν δὲ καὶ φιλῆσαι,  
 χαλεπώτερον δὲ πάντων  
 ἀποτυγχάνειν φιλοῦντα.  
 5 γένος οὐδὲν εἰς ἔρωτα  
 σοφίῃ, τρόπος πατεῖται  
 μόνον ἄργυρον βλέπουσιν.  
 ἀπόλοιτο πρῶτος αὐτὸς  
 ὁ τὸν ἄργυρον φιλήσας.  
 10 διὰ τοῦτον οὐκ ἀδελφός,  
 διὰ τοῦτον οὐ τοκῆς  
 πόλεμοι, φόνοι δι' αὐτόν.



## CUPID AND MARS

28 <sup>a</sup>

When beside the Lemnian fire  
 Venus' spouse of iron wrought  
     The arrows of desire,  
 Venus the sweetest honey sought  
 And dipt the arrows in it ; but her boy  
 With bitter gall the honey did alloy.

When great Mars with massy spear  
 One day returning from the fight  
     Flouted Love's puny gear,  
 Quoth Love ' You shall not find it light.' <sup>b</sup>  
 Mars took it, but cried out (while Venus smiled)  
 ' Take 't back ; 'tis heavy.' ' Keep it,' said the child.

29

Woe 'tis to love not, and to love is woe ;  
     But worst it is of woes  
         To love and lose.  
 Goes birth for aught in Love's account ? Oh no,  
     Nor disposition ; wit,  
         Love tramples it.  
 Pelf's all they 'll see ; perish who loved it first !  
     For hence is lost us brother,  
         Father, mother ;  
 Hence wars and murders got, and, what is worst,

<sup>a</sup> CUPID AND MARS.

<sup>b</sup> The Greek is ' but it is heavy ; by trying you shall learn.'

28 tit. ἄλλο τοῦ αὐτοῦ εἰς βέλος 'another by the same  
 on a dart' <sup>1</sup> ὅτ' *E*: ms ὁ <sup>2</sup> *E*, cf. 57 ll. 4,  
 8, 15 ms ἀκ δ' ἔβ. K. <sup>3</sup> γλυκὺν as neuter? *E*, cf. Kaib.  
*Ep Gr* 718; or βλίσασα? 29 joined to 28 in the ms

## THE ANACREONTEA

τὸ δὲ χεῖρον, ὀλλύμεσθα  
διὰ τοῦτον οἱ φιλοῦντες.

30

Ἐδόκουν ὄναρ τροχάζειν  
πτέρυγας φέρων ἐπ' ὤμων·  
ὁ δ' Ἔρως ἔχων μόλιβδον  
περὶ τοῖς καλοῖς ποδίσκοις  
5 ἔδίωκε καὶ κίχανεν.

τί θέλει δ' ὄναρ τόδ' εἶναι,<sup>1</sup>  
δοκέω δ' ἔγωγε πολλοῖς  
ἐν ἔρωσί με πλακέντα<sup>2</sup>  
διολισθάνειν μὲν ἄλλους,  
10 ἐνὶ τῷδε συνδεθῆναι.

31†

Ἵακινθίνῃ με ῥάβδῳ  
χαλεπῶς Ἔρως ῥαπίζων<sup>1</sup>  
ἐκέλευε συντροχάζειν.  
διὰ δ' ὀξέων μ' ἀναύρων  
5 ξυλόχων τε καὶ φαραγγῶν  
τροχάοντα τείρεν ἰδρώς.<sup>2</sup>  
κραδίῃ δὲ ῥινὸς ἄχρῃς  
ἀνέβαινε, κἂν ἀπέσβην·  
ὁ δ' Ἔρως μέτωπα παίων<sup>3</sup>

30 tit τοῦ αὐτοῦ ὄναρ, 'by the same, a dream' <sup>1</sup> St. ms  
τὸ δ' ὄναρ εἶναι <sup>2</sup> for πλέεσθαι = *misceri* cf. Vett. Val.

119. 22 31 tit ἄλλο ἐρωτικόν, 'another love-poem'

<sup>1</sup> Brunck: ms βαδίζων <sup>2</sup> τείρεν Salm. ms πείρ.

<sup>3</sup> E. ms σείων (em. from μετωπαιων)

## A RACE WITH CUPID

Through love of pelf die we  
That lovers be.<sup>a</sup>

30

I dreamt I went with wings away  
And fled  
The little God ;  
And though his pretty feet were shod  
With lead  
He caught his prey  
What means this dream ? to me full plain  
It is :  
By loves so many  
Harried before nor caught by any,  
By this  
I 'm prisoner ta'en <sup>b</sup>

31 <sup>c</sup>

With rushy rod  
The little God  
Struck me and bid me follow.

Through rivers quick  
And copses thick  
O'er hill I sweat and hollow.

My labouring breath  
Was nigh to death,<sup>d</sup>  
But with his dainty wing then

<sup>a</sup> LOVE IN BONDAGE TO PELF. Cf. Nic. Eugen. v. 147.

<sup>b</sup> THE PURSUING CUPID · A DREAM.

<sup>c</sup> A RACE WITH CUPID. Cf. Alcman 131.

<sup>d</sup> The Greek is ' my heart came up to my nose, and I should have died.'

## THE ANACREONTEA

- 10 ἀπαλοῖς πτεροῖσί μ' εἶπεν.<sup>4</sup>  
 'Σὺ γὰρ οὐ δύνη φιληῆσαι,'

### 32

- Ἐπὶ μυρσίναις τερείναις  
 ἐπὶ λωτίναις τε ποίαις  
 στορέσας<sup>1</sup> θέλω προπίνειν.  
 ὁ δ' Ἔρως χιτῶνα δήσας  
 5 ὑπὲρ αὐχένος παπύρῳ  
 μέθυ μοι διακονεῖτω.<sup>2</sup>  
 τροχὸς ἄρματος γὰρ οἶα<sup>3</sup>  
 βίотος τρέχει κυλισθεῖς,  
 ὀλίγη δὲ κεισόμεσθα  
 10 κόνις ὀστέων λυθέντων.  
 τί σε δεῖ λίθον μυρίζειν;  
 τί δὲ γῇ χέειν<sup>4</sup> μάταια;  
 ἐμὲ μᾶλλον ὥς ἔτι ζῶ  
 μύρισον, ῥόδοις δὲ κράτα  
 15 πύκασον, κάλει δ' ἑταίρην  
 πρὶν ἐκεῖσε δεῖν μ' ἀπελθεῖν  
 ἐπὶ νερτέρων χορείας<sup>5</sup>  
 σκεδάσαι θέλω μερίμνας.

### 33

Μεσονυκτίοις ποτ' ὥραις  
 στρέφεται ἡνίκ' Ἄρκτος ἦδη<sup>1</sup>  
 κατὰ χεῖρα τὴν Βοώτου,  
 μερόπων δὲ φύλα πάντα

<sup>4</sup> πτεροῖσί μ' E. ms πτεροῖσιν 32 tit. ἄλλο ἐρωτικὸν τοῦ αὐτοῦ, 'another love-poem by the same' <sup>1</sup> sc. κλίνην

<sup>2</sup> St: ms -νεῖτο <sup>3</sup> St. ms γὰρ ἄρμ οἶα <sup>4</sup> χέειν St: ms καίειν <sup>5</sup> Brunck-E: ms πρὶν ἔρως ἐκεῖ μ' ἀπ. ὑπὸ κτλ.

## FOR TO-MORROW WE DIE

He smites my brow  
And cries 'How now ?  
'Is love so hard a thing, then ?'

32<sup>a</sup>

On lotus-leaves and myrtles fine  
I'll lean, and the Love-lad  
In apron clad<sup>b</sup>  
Shall stand and serve me wine.  
Like wheels our running lives are sped,  
And lie we shall and must  
A little dust  
Of bones uncemented.  
Why at my grave your unguents pour ?  
Why vain anointment give ?  
While yet I live  
Embalm my forehead o'er.  
Bring roses, and some maiden fair ;  
For ere to join I go  
The rout below,  
I fain would banish care.

33

'Twas at the mid of night,  
Whenas the Wain doth wheel  
Close on Arcturus' heel,  
And every mortal wight

<sup>a</sup> LET'S DRINK AND LOVE ERE IT BE TOO LATE.

<sup>b</sup> The Greek is 'with a tunic tied over his neck with a papyrus-ribbon'

---

(μ' shows δεῖ or δεῖν was once there) 33 tit. ἄλλο,  
'another' <sup>1</sup> B ms στρεφέτην ὅτ' ἄτλ. (through στρέφει  
ἦν ὅτ')

## THE ANACREONTEA

- 5      κέαται κόπῳ δαμέντα,  
         τότ' Ἔρως ἐπισταθείς μεν  
         θυρέων ἔκοπτ' ὀχῆας.  
         ' Τίς ' ἔφην ' θύρας ἀράσσει  
         κατὰ μεν σχίσας<sup>2</sup> ὀνείρους, '  
 10     ὁ δ' Ἔρως ' Ἄνοιγε ' φησὶν.  
         ' βρέφος εἰμί· μὴ σοβήσης<sup>3</sup>.  
         βρέχομαι δὲ κασέληνον  
         κατὰ νύκτα πεπλάνημαι.  
 15     ἀνὰ δ' εὐθὺ λύχνον αἴψας  
         ἀνέωξα, καὶ βρέφος μὲν  
         ἐσορῶ, φέρον δὲ τόξον<sup>4</sup>  
         πτέρυγας τε καὶ φαρέτρην.  
         παρὰ δ' ἱστίην καθίσα,<sup>5</sup>  
 20     παλάμαις<sup>6</sup> τε χεῖρας αὐτοῦ  
         ἀνέθαλπον, ἐκ δὲ χαίτης  
         ἀπέθλιβον ὑγρὸν ὕδωρ.  
         ὁ δ', ἐπεὶ κρύος μεθῆκε,  
         ' Φέρε ' φησὶ ' πειράσωμεν  
 25     τόδε τόξον, εἴ τί' μοι νῦν  
         βλάβεται βραχεῖσα νευρή.  
         τανύει δέ, καί με τύπτει  
         μέσον ἦπαρ, ὥσπερ οἷστρος.  
         ἀνὰ δ' ἄλλεται καχάζων.  
 30     ' Ξένε ' δ' εἶπε, ' συγχάρηθι.  
         κέρας ἀβλαβὲς μὲν <ῆν> μοι,<sup>8</sup>  
         σὺ δὲ καρδίην πονήσεις.'

<sup>2</sup> σχίσας Barnes. ms σχίζεις      <sup>3</sup> E. ms φοβῆσαι  
<sup>4</sup> St: ms φέροντα τ.      <sup>5</sup> Mehlhorn. ms καθίσας corr.  
 to καθίζας      <sup>6</sup> Mehl. ms -as      <sup>7</sup> St. ms ἔστι  
<sup>8</sup> Rose: ms μὲν ἐμοὶ

## THE UNGENTLE GUEST

Is sunk in slumber ; then  
One stood my gate beside  
And knocked. ' Who 's there ? ' I cried,  
' Who rends my dreams in twain ? '

Says Love ('t was he) ' Pray let  
' Me in, nor send his ways  
' A babe forlorn that strays  
' This night so dark and wet '

Eftsoons I fetched a light,  
And opening did descry  
A babe, but winged to fly  
With bow and arrows dight.

By th' ingle then and there  
I set him, chafed amain  
His hands, and wrung the rain  
From out his dripping hair.

And when he found him warm,  
' Go to, let 's try together '  
Says he ' if this foul weather  
' Hath done my bowstring harm.'

This said, he drew the string,  
And straight with madding arrow  
Had pierced my very marrow ,  
Then laughing loud took wing,

And cried as off he flew  
' Rejoice, my friend, with me ;  
' My bow is sound, I see,  
' And pain 's in store for you.'<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> CUPID THE UNGENTLE GUEST.

# THE ANACREONTEA

34

Μακαρίζομέν σε, τέττιξ,  
 ὅτι<sup>1</sup> δενδρέων ἐπ' ἄκρων  
 ὀλίγην δρόσον πεπωκὼς  
 βασιλεὺς ὅπως αἰεῖδεις.  
 5 σὰ γάρ ἐστι κείνα πάντα<sup>2</sup>  
 ὅποσα<sup>3</sup> βλέπεις ἐν ἀγροῖς  
 κόποσα φέρουσιν ὦραι<sup>4</sup>.  
 σὺ δὲ φίλτατος γεωργοῖς<sup>5</sup>  
 ἀπὸ μηδενός τι βλάπτων.  
 10 σὺ δὲ τίμιος βροτοῖσιν  
 θέρεος γλυκὺς προφήτης.  
 φιλέουσι μὲν σε Μοῦσαι,  
 φιλέει δὲ Φοῖβος αὐτός,  
 λιγυρὴν δ' ἔδωκεν οἴμην.<sup>6</sup>  
 15 τὸ δὲ γήρας οὐ σε τείρει,<sup>7</sup>  
 σοφέ, γηγενές, φίλυμνε,<sup>8</sup>  
 ἀπαθὲς ἀναιμόσαρκος<sup>9</sup>  
 σχεδὸν εἰ θεοῖς ὅμοιος.

35

Ἔρωσ ποτ' ἐν ῥόδοισι  
 κοιμωμένην μέλιτταν  
 οὐκ εἶδεν, ἀλλ' ἐτρώθη·  
 τὸν δάκτυλον παταχθεὶς  
 5 τᾶς χειρὸς<sup>1</sup> ὠλόλυξε.

34 tit. ἄλλο εἰς τέττιγα ὠδάριον 'another, a little poem to the cricket' <sup>1</sup> cf. Ar *Vesp* 1275. ms ὅτε <sup>2</sup> St: ms λαινὰ π. <sup>3</sup> Barnes χυπόσα <sup>4</sup> ὦραι corr. to υλαι in ms <sup>5</sup> Rose-Richards-E: ms φιλία γεωργῶν Stadtm. δ' ὁμιλία γεωργῶν <sup>6</sup> ἔδωκαν οἴμην ? E <sup>7</sup> St: ms γέρας εὔσε τηρεῖ <sup>8</sup> St.-Rose ms γηγενῇ φίλυμνε <sup>9</sup> St-Rose ms ἀπαθὲς ἀναιμόσαρκε 35 tit. ἄλλο εἰς Ἔρωτα,



## TO THE CRICKET

34

Sweet Cricket, here's a health to you,  
While on the high tree-top you sing,  
Made merry with a drop of dew,  
As happy as a king.

For all the landscape hath is yours  
Whate'er in farm or field you see ;  
And all the gifts of all the Hours  
You hold in simple fee.

You're friends with them that plant and sow  
Because you take nor prize nor prey ;  
You're dear to all men, for we know  
From you that it is May.

The Muses love you, pretty thing,  
And great Apollo loves you too ;  
For they that make all musicking  
Gave your sweet voice to you

Time flies, but age can wear you not,  
Deft minstrel-offspring of the sod ,  
Sans blood and passions blood-begot  
You're more than half a God.<sup>a</sup>

35

Once on a day, rose-leaves among,  
Young Love did fail to see  
A sleeping bee,  
And in the hand was stung.

<sup>a</sup> TO THE CRICKET.

'another, on Love'  
(con. to τὰς) χεῖρας

<sup>1</sup> St. (i.e. not his toe): ms τὰς

## THE ANACREONTEA

- δραμῶν δὲ καὶ πετασθεῖς  
 πρὸς τὴν καλὴν Κυθήρην  
 “Ὀλωλα, μῆτερ,” εἶπεν,  
 ‘ὄλωλα καὶ ποθνήσκω  
 10 ὄφρις μ’ ἔτυψε μικρὸς  
 πτερωτός, ὃν καλοῦσιν  
 μέλιτταν οἱ γεωργοί’  
 ἃ δ’ εἶπεν.<sup>2</sup> ‘Εἰ τὸ κέντρον  
 πονεῖς<sup>3</sup> τὸ τὰς μελίττας,  
 15 πόσον δοκεῖς πονοῦσιν,  
 Ἔρως, ὅσους σὺ βάλλεις;’

36

- ‘Ὁ πλοῦτος εἴ γε χρυσοῦ<sup>1</sup>  
 τὸ ζῆν παρέιχε θνητοῖς,  
 ἐκαρτέρουν φυλάττων,  
 ἔν’, ἂν Μόρος προσέλθῃ,<sup>2</sup>  
 5 λάβῃ τι καὶ παρέλθῃ.  
 εἰ δ’ οὖν μὴ τὸ πρίασθαι  
 τὸ ζῆν ἔνεστι θνητοῖς,  
 τί καὶ μάτην στενάζω,  
 τί καὶ γόους προπέμπω;  
 10 θανεῖν γὰρ εἰ πέπρωται  
 τί χρυσὸς ὠφελεῖ με,  
 ἐμοὶ γένοιτο πίνειν,  
 πίνοντι<sup>3</sup> δ’ οἶνον ἡδὺν

<sup>2</sup> Nic (ἀλλ’ ἡ καλὴ Κυθήρα τῷ πεπληγμένῳ | ἀστεῖον ἐγγελῶσα λοιπὸν ἀντέφη) apparently had ἃ δ’ ἐγγελῶσ’ ἐκείνῳ | ἀντεῖπεν (Sitz) or ἃ δ’ ἄβρὸν ἐγγελῶσα | ἀντ. (E, cf 43. 3)

<sup>3</sup> E. ms πονεῖ 36 tit εἰς φιλάργυρον, ‘on a miser’

<sup>1</sup> cf. Hdt ii 121 πλοῦτον ἀργύρου μέγαν <sup>2</sup> E. ms ἔν’

ἀσθενεῖν ἐπέλθῃ (emendation of μοπροσέλθῃ?) <sup>3</sup> Pauw. ms aor.

## THE WOUNDED CUPID

He shrieked, and running both and flying  
Sped to fair Venus' side  
And 'Mother' cried,  
'Out, out, alas! I'm dying.

'A little snake that goes with wings'  
'And as a bee is known  
'To th' simple clown,  
'Hath bit me.' 'If such things,'

His mother answered, 'make you woe,  
'What then do you suppose  
'Can be the woes  
'Of them you harry so?'<sup>a</sup>

36<sup>b</sup>

'If wealth of gold  
Gave mortals breath,  
Then I should hold  
It, that if Death  
Should come to me,  
Then I might say  
'Take your fee  
'And go your way'  
But if his years  
No mortal buys,  
Then wherefore tears,  
And wherefore sighs?  
If we must die  
Doth gold avail?  
Rather may I  
Drink good brown ale<sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup> THE WOUNDED CUPID Cf Nicet. Eugen. iv 313, to whom apparently ll. 5 ('he shrieked') and 9 ('I'm dying') were unknown

<sup>b</sup> MIRTH BETTER THAN RICHES.

<sup>c</sup> The Greek is 'sweet wine.'

## THE ANACREONTEA

15 ἔμοῖς φίλοις συνεῖναι,  
ἐν δ' ἀπαλαῖσι κοίταις<sup>1</sup>  
τελεῖν τὰν Ἀφροδίταν.

37†

Διὰ νυκτὸς<sup>1</sup> ἐγκαθεύδων  
ἀλιπορφύροις τάπησι  
γεγανυμένος<sup>2</sup> Λυαίῳ,  
ἔδόκουν ἄκροισι ταρσῶν  
5 δρόμον ὥκυν ἐκτανύειν  
μετὰ παρθένων ἀθύρων·  
ἐπεκερτόμουν δὲ παῖδες  
ἀπαλώτεροι Λυαίου  
δακέθυμά μοι λέγοντες  
10 διὰ τὰς καλὰς ἐκείνας.  
ἐθέλοντα<sup>3</sup> δ' ἐκφιλησάι<sup>4</sup>  
φύγον ἐξ ὕπνου με πάντες<sup>5</sup>  
μεμονωμένος δ' ὁ τλήμων  
πάλιν ἤθελον καθεύδειν.

38

Λιαρὸν πίωμεν οἶνον<sup>1</sup>  
ἀναμέλψομεν δὲ Βάκχον,  
τὸν ἐφευρετὰν χορείας,  
τὸν ὄλον<sup>2</sup> ποθοῦντα μολπάς,  
5 [τὸν ὁμότροφον<sup>3</sup> Ἑρώτων,]  
τὸν ἐρώμενον Κυθήρης,  
δι' ὃν ἡ Μέθη ἵλοχεύθη,  
[δι' ὃν ἡ Χάρις ἐτέχθη,]

<sup>1</sup> metre cf 47. 6  
a dream'  
ms dat.

<sup>2</sup> St ms διανυκτῶν

<sup>3</sup> γεγανώμενος?  
<sup>4</sup> St:

<sup>5</sup> δ' ἐκφιλ Rich. (cf A P. xii 250. 4) · ms δὲ

## A DREAM

With my best friends,  
And when day ends,  
Go to bed  
Love-shepherded <sup>a</sup>

### 37

One night begun with joy of wine,  
'Neath coverlet incarnadine  
Methought, as nimble light and gay  
I ran a goal with girls at play,  
Some boys as Bacchus smooth and soft  
Pierced my heart with tauntings oft  
For sporting with fair maidens so.  
Then I for kisses sued, and lo <sup>1</sup>  
They all were fled from out my slumber's ken,  
And left alone I wept to sleep agen.<sup>b</sup>

### 38

Let's quaff the cheering wine  
And praise its Lord divine.  
Inventor of the measure,  
True lover of the lyre,  
Mate of Desire,  
And Cytherea's pleasure,  
He gave the Wassail birth  
And midwived Mirth,

<sup>a</sup> The Greek is 'fulfil Aphrodite on a soft bed.'

<sup>b</sup> A RACE WITH MAIDENS A DREAM.

---

φιλ. <sup>5</sup> με St ms μοι 38 tit. άλλο τοῦ αὐτοῦ εἰς συμπόσιον,  
'another by the same, on a drinking-bout' <sup>1</sup> St.  
perh. we should read πίόμεθ', comparing ll. 5, 8, 9, 10, 16,  
but cf. 26 ms πίομεν οἶν. <sup>2</sup> E, cf 41. 8: ms ὅλας

<sup>3</sup> Barnes: ms -τροπον

# THE ANACREONTEA

- 10 [δι' ὃν ἀμπαύεται Λύπα,  
[δι' ὃν εὐνάζετ' Ἀνία.]  
τὸ μὲν οὖν πῶμα κερασθὲν  
ἄπαλοὶ φέρουσι παῖδες,  
τὸ δ' ἄχος πέφευγε μιχθὲν  
ἀνεμοστροφῷ<sup>4</sup> θύελλῃ.  
15 [τὸ μὲν οὖν πῶμα λάβωμεν,  
[τὰς δὲ φροντίδας μεθῶμεν.]  
τί γάρ ἐστί σοι <τὸ> κέρδος  
ὀδυνωμένῳ<sup>5</sup> μερίμναις;  
πόθεν οἶδαμεν τὸ μέλλον;  
20 ὁ βίος βροτοῖς ἄδηλος.  
μεθύων θέλω χορεύειν,  
μεμυρισμένος δὲ παίζειν  
<μετὰ τῶν καλῶν ἐφήβων><sup>6</sup>  
μετὰ καὶ καλῶν γυναικῶν.  
μελέτω δὲ τοῖς θέλουσι,  
25 ὅσον ἐστὶν ἐν μερίμναις  
λιαρὸν<sup>7</sup> πίνωμεν οἶνον,  
ἀναμέλψομεν δὲ Βάκχον.

## 39

- Φιλῶ γέροντα τερπνόν,  
φιλῶ νέον χορευτήν.  
ἂν δ' ὁ γέρων χορεύῃ,<sup>1</sup>  
τρίχας γέρων μὲν ἐστίν,  
5 τὰς δὲ φρένας νεάζει.

<sup>4</sup> Fab: ms ἀνεμοστροφῷ corr. to -φω  
nom <sup>5</sup> Portus: ms  
<sup>6</sup> Barnes *e g.* <sup>7</sup> ms ιλαροὶ but *cf.* init.  
39 tit. ἄλλο εἰς ἑαυτὸν ἢ εἰς ἐταῖρον πρεσβύτην, 'another on  
himself, or on an old comrade' <sup>1</sup> metre *cf.* 47. 6, 12.  
Sitz ἂν γὰρ γέρων κτλ.

## A DRINKING-SONG

Killed Pain, and Sorrihed  
Did put to bed ;  
So we, when mixèd bowl  
The dainty lads do bring  
To th' storm-winds fling  
All sickness of the soul

Let's drink then, me and you,  
And give our thoughts relief ;  
From pain and grief  
What profit doth accrue ?  
No mortal man may see  
Futurity ,  
I'll e'en put cup to lip  
And measures trip,  
Pour balm and play my fill  
With pretty girls or boys ;  
With all annoys  
Concern himself who will.

Let's quaff the cheering wine  
And praise its Lord divine.<sup>a</sup>

### 39

An old man merry gives me joy,  
I love a dancing boy ,  
If the old man dance boys among,  
Though 's hair be old, his heart is young<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> ON BACCHUS : A DRINKING-SONG. Lines 5, 8, 9, 10, 15, 16, being isosyllabic and easily inserted, are probably late additions.

<sup>b</sup> AGE AND MIRTH.

# THE ANACREONTEA

40†

Ἐπειδὴ βροτὸς ἐτύχθην  
βίотου τρίβον ὁδεύειν,  
χρόνον ἔγνων ὃν παρήλθον,  
ὃν δ' ἔχω δραμεῖν οὐκ οἶδα,  
5 ἐμὲ μέθετε<sup>1</sup> φροντίδες·  
μηδέν μοι καὶ ὑμῖν ἔστω  
πρὶν ἐμὲ φθάσῃ τὸ τέλος,  
παίξω, γελάσω, χορεύσω  
μετὰ τοῦ καλοῦ Λυαίου.

41†

Τὶ καλόν ἐστι βαδίζειν  
ὅπου λειμῶνες κομῶσιν,  
ὅπου λεπτὸς<sup>1</sup> ἡδυτάτην  
ἀναπνεῖ Ζέφυρος αὔρην,  
5 κλῆμα τὸ Βάκχιον εἶδεῖν,<sup>2</sup>  
χὺπὸ τὰ πέταλα δύναι  
ἀπαλὴν παῖδα κατέχων  
<τὴν><sup>3</sup> Κύπριν ὅλην πνέουσαν

42†

Ποθέω μὲν Διονύσου  
φιλοπαίγμονος χορείας,  
φιλέω δ' ἐὰν<sup>1</sup> ἐφήβου  
μετὰ συμπότου λυρίζω  
5 στεφανίσκους δ' ὑακίνθων  
κροτάφοισιν ἀμφιπλέξας  
μετὰ παρθένων ἀθύρειν  
φιλέω μάλιστα πάντων·

40 tit. ἄλλο εἰς ἑαυτόν, 'another, on himself'

ISOSYLI ABIC

<sup>1</sup> E: ms μέθετέ με

41 τοῦ αὐτοῦ εἰς τὸ ἔαρ ἦτοι καλοκαίριον



## A SPRING-SONG

40

Since I am mortal made  
Life's path to tread,  
What 's past I know,  
But not what 's yet to go.  
Cares, let me be ; with you  
I 've naught to do  
With wine I 'll play,  
Laugh, dance, till end of day <sup>a</sup>

41

O merry 'tis to stray  
Where meads are green and gay,  
And where the gentle West  
Blows sweetlest,  
To see the mantling vine  
And 'neath its leaves recline  
With a fair maid whose breath  
Love perfumeth.<sup>b</sup>

42

I love old Bacchus' antic ring,  
I like with lads to sweep the string  
And drink the merry night away ;  
But most of all I'm fain to set  
Flower-de-luce for coronet  
On maidens' brows and share their play ;

<sup>a</sup> To HIMSELF, TO BE MERRY

<sup>b</sup> A SPRING-SONG OF LOVE.

---

'by the same, on the spring or summer', καλ. is Byz  
ISOSYLLABIC <sup>1</sup> E ms λεπτήν <sup>2</sup> i.e. ιδεῖν <sup>3</sup> E  
42 tit. τοῦ αὐτοῦ ἐρωτικὸν ᾠδάριον, 'by the same, a little love-  
poem' <sup>1</sup> E ms ὁτ' ἂν (corr of δὲ ἂν)

## THE ANACREONTEA

- 10 φθόνον οὐκ οἶδ' ἐμὸν ἦτορ,  
φθόνον οὐκ οἶδε δαικτὴν,<sup>2</sup>  
φιλολοιδόροιο<sup>3</sup> γλώττης  
φεύγω<sup>4</sup> βέλεμνα κοῦφα  
στυγέω μάχας παροίνους  
πολυκώμους κατὰ δαῖτας  
15 νεοθήλεσιν<sup>5</sup> ἅμα κούραις  
ὑπὸ βαρβίτῳ χορεύων  
βίον ἥσυχον φεροίμην.<sup>6</sup>

### 43

- Στεφάνους μὲν κροτάφοισι  
ῥοδίνους συναρμόσαντες  
ἄβρὰ πίνομεν γελῶντες.<sup>1</sup>  
ὑπὸ βαρβίτῳ δὲ κούρα  
5 κατακίσσοισι βρύοντας<sup>2</sup>  
πλοκάμοις φέρουσα θύρσους  
χλιδανόσφυρος χορεύει  
ἄβροχαίτας δ' ἅμα κοῦρος<sup>3</sup>  
στομάτων ἀδὺ πνεόντων  
10 μετὰ<sup>4</sup> πηκτίδων ἀθύρει<sup>5</sup>  
προχέων λίγειαν ὀμφάν  
ὃ δ' Ἔρως ὁ χρυσοχαίτας  
μετὰ τοῦ καλοῦ Λυαίου  
καὶ τῆς καλῆς Κυθήρης<sup>6</sup>  
15 τὸν ἐπήρατον γεραιοῖς  
κῶμον μέτεισι χαίρων.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Pauw-E, or omit l 9? ms οἶδα δαικτάν  
-όροις <sup>4</sup> St (or ἐφυγον?) ms ἐφενγε <sup>5</sup> E νεοθήλοις,  
cf Aesch Eum. 450? <sup>6</sup> B: ms φέρωμεν <sup>43</sup> tit.  
ἄλλο ἐρωτικὸν ᾠδᾶριον, 'another little love-poem' <sup>1</sup> E:  
ms μεθύομεν ἄβρὰ γ <sup>2</sup> Barnes: ms βρέμ <sup>3</sup> St:

## A DRINKING-BOUT

No murderous envy knows my heart,  
I shun the caviller's random dart,  
I hate the quarrel o'er the wine ;

A life of feast and dance and song  
With maidens fresh and maidens young,  
A life of gentle joy be mine <sup>a</sup>

### 43

Roses we 've twined, and roses we  
About our brows have knit ;  
We laugh as merry as can be  
And tipple it.

And now a pretty maiden comes  
With ivy-tressèd thyrsè,  
And to the lyre she trips  
Delicately  
A lad with lovely ringlets thrums  
The strings, and doth rehearse  
With honey-breathing lips  
Gay melody.

Fair Bacchus, Venus fair, and her sweet son,  
The boy with hair like gold,  
Do join them blithely to the fun  
Belov'd o' th' old. <sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> IN PRAISE OF MAIDENS : A DRINKING-SONG.

<sup>b</sup> A DRINKING-BOUT.

---

ms pl.

<sup>4</sup> B. ms κατὰ  
Κυθέρειας (ει corr to ι)

<sup>5</sup> St. ms -ειν

<sup>7</sup> St ms μεθίησι χ

<sup>6</sup> St. ms

# THE ANACREONTEA

44†

Τὸ ῥόδον τὸ τῶν Ἑρώτων  
 μίξωμεν <τῷ> Διονύσῳ<sup>1</sup>  
 τὸ ῥόδον τὸ καλλίφυλλον  
 κροτάφοισιν ἀρμόσαντες  
 5 πίνωμεν ἄβρὰ γελῶντες  
 ῥόδον ὧ φέριστον ἄνθος,  
 ῥόδον εἶαρος μέλημα,  
 ῥόδα καὶ θεοῖσι τερπνά,  
 ῥόδον ᾧ<sup>2</sup> παῖς ὁ Κυθήρης  
 10 στέφεται καλοὺς ἰούλους<sup>3</sup>  
 Χαρίτεσσι συγχορεύων·  
 στέψον οὖν με, καὶ λυρίζων<sup>4</sup>  
 παρὰ σοῖς, Λυαῖε,<sup>5</sup> σηκοῖς  
 μετὰ κούρης βαθυκόλπου  
 15 ῥοδίνοισι στεφανίσκοις  
 πεπυκασμένος χορεύσω.

45

Ὅταν πῖω τὸν οἶνον,<sup>1</sup>  
 εὖδουσιν αἱ μέριμναι.  
 τί μοι γόων, τί μοι πόνων,  
 τί μοι μέλει μεριμνῶν,  
 5 θανεῖν με δεῖ κἂν μὴ θέλω  
 τί τὸν βίον πλανῶμαι,<sup>2</sup>  
 πῖωμεν οὖν τὸν οἶνον  
 τὸν τοῦ καλοῦ Λυαίου  
 σὺν τῷ πιεῖν γὰρ ἡμᾶς<sup>3</sup>  
 10 εὖδουσιν αἱ μέριμναι.

44 tit ἄλλο ὁμοίως ῥόδον, 'similarly another little poem, on the rose', ISOSYLLABIC <sup>1</sup> E, cf. ll 5 and 12 <sup>2</sup> Herm· ms ὁ <sup>3</sup> Pauw: ms dat <sup>4</sup> Pauw: ms -ζω <sup>5</sup> ms Διόνυσε 45 tit τοῦ αὐτοῦ εἰς οἶνον ῥόδον, 76

## THE ROSE

44

The rose belov'd of Loves, the rose  
Let's mingle with the wine ;  
Let's quaff and laugh and round our brows  
The sweet-leav'd roses twine.

For O !

'Tis darling of the Spring, the rose,  
'Tis Heaven's dearest thing, the rose ;  
When Venus' brat wi' th' Graces three  
A-dancing goes,  
Around his love-locks he  
Doth bind the rose.

Then ho !

Bring garlands, and the lyre shall grace  
The Wine-God's holy place ;  
With some plump lass I'll fling my toes  
Crowned with the rose, the rose <sup>a</sup>

45

Whene'er the wine I drink  
My cares to sleep do sink  
What then of cares or tears reck I,  
What reck I then of toils  
And coils ?  
If willy-nilly I must die,  
Wherefore  
Over life's riddle pore ?  
Let's drink fair Bacchus' best,  
For then our cares find rest <sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> THE ROSE . A DRINKING-SONG.

<sup>b</sup> TO HIMSELF, TO DROWN HIS CARES.

' by the same, a little poem on wine '  
ms πίνω <sup>2</sup> Barnes · ms τί δὲ τὸν κτλ  
σὺν τῷ δὲ πίνειν ἡμᾶς

<sup>1</sup> πίνω Barnes :

<sup>3</sup> Scal : ms

# THE ANACREONTEA

46†

Ἴδε πῶς φανέντος ἥρος<sup>1</sup>  
 Χάριτες ῥόδα βρύουσιν·  
 Ἴδε πῶς κῦμα θαλάσσης  
 ἀπαλύνεται γαλήνῃ·  
 5 Ἴδε πῶς νῆσσα κολυμβᾷ·  
 Ἴδε πῶς γέρανος<sup>2</sup> ὀδεύει  
 ζαφελῶς<sup>3</sup> δ' ἔλαμψε Τιτάν,  
 νεφελῶν σκιαὶ δονοῦνται,  
 τὰ βροτῶν δ' ἔλαμψεν ἔργα  
 10 ἐλάας βρύον προκύπτει,<sup>4</sup>  
 Βρομιοστεφές τε νᾶμα<sup>5</sup>  
 κατὰ φύλλον κατὰ κλῶνα<sup>6</sup>  
 καθαρῶν ἤνθισε καρπός<sup>7</sup>

47

Ἐγὼ γέρων μὲν εἰμι,  
 νέων πλέον δὲ πίνω·  
 καὶ με δέῃ χορεύειν,<sup>1</sup>  
 Σειληνὸν ἐν μέσοισι  
 5 μιμούμενος χορεύσω<sup>2</sup>  
 σκῆπτρον ἔχων τὸν ἀσκόν·  
 νάρθηκος οὐδὲν ἡμῖν.<sup>3</sup>  
 ὁ μὲν θέλων μάχεσθαι,

46 tit. εἰς τὸ ἔαρ, 'on the spring' <sup>1</sup> Herm ms ἔαρος  
 φαν. <sup>2</sup> γέρην E, cf. Ael Dion 104 <sup>3</sup> B ms ἀφελῶς  
<sup>4</sup> E e.g. ms καρποῖσι γαῖα προκύπτει | καρπὸς ἐλάας προκύπτει,  
 one of which is prob an incorporated variant; in any case  
 καρπός cannot be right in this context <sup>5</sup> E ms Βρομίου  
 στέφεται νάμα <sup>6</sup> St ms κλόνον <sup>7</sup> καθαρῶν (fut. of  
 καθαίρω) E ms καθελῶν ἤνθισε Barnes. ms ἤνθησε  
 47 tit εἰς ἑαυτόν, 'on himself' <sup>1</sup> E, cf. 6, 12, 39 3, 36

## THE COMING OF SPRING

46 <sup>a</sup>

See how at break of Spring  
The Graces rosebuds fling,  
See how the stilly waves repose,  
See how the duck a-diving goes,  
And crane takes wing

Hot sun drives clouds away ;  
The fields of man look gay ;  
The olive-tree doth push her bud ;  
The fruit that pures the wine-crown'd flood  
Shows leaf and spray.<sup>b</sup>

47 <sup>c</sup>

I'm old, in sooth,  
But I can outdrink youth.

If there be dancing tow'rd  
I'll trip the sward  
Like old Silene among his pack,<sup>d</sup>  
And take for sceptre (staff I'll lack)  
The skin that holds the wine.

He that doth take delight  
In fray or fight,

<sup>a</sup> THE COMING OF SPRING ; A DRINKING-SONG.

<sup>b</sup> In the last two sentences the reading is doubtful, in the version here adopted the wine is regarded as purifying the water with which it was mixed.

<sup>c</sup> ON HIMSELF, THAT HE CAN STILL BE MERRY. Cf. Heph 16 Consbr, Plot. *Gram Lat.* vi. 520 K., Sch. Ar *Plut.* 302.

<sup>d</sup> The Satyrs.

---

15. ms *κᾶν δεήσῃ με χ.*

end

<sup>2</sup> ll. 4-5 here Lachmann. ms *ἄτ*  
<sup>3</sup> *E*, cf. 52. 2. *τί μοι λόγων ;* ms *ὁ νάρθηξ δ' οὐδέν*  
*έστιν* (an isosyllabic emendation ?)

## THE ANACREONTEA

10      πάρεστι γάρ, μαχέσθω <sup>4</sup>  
          ἐμοὶ κύπελλον, ὦ παῖ,  
          μελιχρὸν<sup>5</sup> οἶνον ἥδυν  
          ἐγκεράσας φόρησον.  
          ἐγὼ γέρων μὲν εἶμι  
          <νέων πλέον δὲ πίνω>.<sup>6</sup>

48

         Ὅταν μ' ὁ Βάκχος ἔλθῃ,<sup>1</sup>  
          εὖδουσιν αἱ μέριμναι,  
          δοκῶ δ' ἔχειν τὰ Κροίσου.  
          θέλω καλῶς αἰεῖδεν,  
 5      κισσοστεφῆς δὲ κείμεναι,  
          πατῶ δ' ἅπαντα θυμῶ.  
          ὄπλιζ'. ἐγὼ πιοῦμαι.<sup>2</sup>  
          φέρε μοι κύπελλον, ὦ παῖ,  
          μεθύοντα γάρ με κεῖσθαι  
 10      πολὺ κρεῖσσον ἢ θανόντα.

49

         [Τοῦ Διὸς ὁ παῖς ὁ Βάκχος]<sup>1</sup>  
          ὁ λυσίφρων Λυαῖος,<sup>2</sup>  
          ὅταν φρένας τὰς ἀμὰς<sup>3</sup>  
          εἰσέλθῃ μεθυδῶτας,  
 5      διδάσκει με χορεύειν  
          ἔχω δὲ τέρπνιόν τι<sup>4</sup>  
          ὃ τὰς μέθας ἐραστάς

<sup>4</sup> so Heph, Sch Ar *Plut.* 302 quoting prob Anacr 106 (where it doubtless began a poem), here imitated. ms here παρέστω καὶ μ; φοι γάρ preceding imp cf. Anacr. 31

<sup>5</sup> Barnes. ms μελίχρουν      <sup>6</sup> B      48 tit ἄλλο εἰς φιλοπότην, τοῦ αὐτοῦ, 'another by the same, on a toper' <sup>1</sup> ms

ὅταν ὁ B εἰσέλθῃ or read with Bergk ὅταν εἰσέλθῃ μ' ὁ Βάκχος (but there is no other such line in the ode)? or with Barnes ὅτ' εἷς με Βάκχος ἔλθῃ? <sup>2</sup> E: ms ἐγὼ δὲ πίνω      49 tit



## THE POOR MAN'S WEALTH

Let him go to ; he 's free to do 't ;  
Cup, ho ' for me ; and pour into 't  
The sweetness of the vine.

I'm old, in sooth,  
But I can outdrink youth.

48 <sup>a</sup>

At Bacchus' entering  
Cares go to bed ;  
I'm rich as Sardis' king,  
Rare songs would sing,  
With ivy crown my head ;  
In thought I put  
The whole world underfoot.  
Then drink prepare, my lad,  
The wine-cup bring,  
For I far rather had  
Lie drunk than dead.<sup>b</sup>

49

When Bacchus son of Jove,  
Who fies the mind of pain,  
Enters this heart of mine  
And frenzy brings along,  
I learn to tip the measure ;  
And there's a sweeter pleasure  
For lovers of the vine :

<sup>a</sup> WINE THE POOR MAN'S WEALTH.

<sup>b</sup> Lie . the ancients reclined when they ate or drank ; but metre suggests that the last 3 ll are an addition.

---

τοῦ αὐτοῦ εἰς Διόνυσον ἡγοῦν οἶνον, ' by the same, on Dionysus, that is on wine ' <sup>1</sup> probably an incorporated gloss ; the resolution is very unlikely (*E*) <sup>2</sup> Barnes : ms ὁ Λ.

<sup>3</sup> Baxtei-*E* . ms εἰς φρ τὰς ἐμὰς <sup>4</sup> *E*, cf. τέρπνιστος Call.

ap. *E.M.* 753 21 : ms δέ τι καὶ τέρπνόν

## THE ANACREONTEA

10      μετὰ κρότων μετ' ὦδᾶς  
           τέρπει με κ' Ἀφροδίτα·  
           πάλιν<sup>5</sup> θέλω χορεύειν.

50†

          "Οτ' ἐγὼ πίων τὸν οἶνον,  
           τότε μ' εἰς ἦτορ ἱανθεὶς  
           θεὸς ἄρχεται χλιαίνειν<sup>1</sup>

5      ὅτ' ἐγὼ πίων τὸν οἶνον,  
           ἀπορίπτονται μέριμναι  
           πολυφρόντιδές τε βουλαὶ  
           ἐς ἀλικτύπους ἀήτας·

10      ὅτ' ἐγὼ πίων τὸν οἶνον,  
           λυροπαίγμων<sup>2</sup> τότε Βάκχος  
           πολυανθέσιν μ' ἐν ὥραις<sup>3</sup>  
           δονέει μέθη γανώσας·

15      ὅτ' ἐγὼ πίων τὸν οἶνον,  
           στεφάνους ἄνθεσι πλέξας  
           ἐπιθεὶς δὲ τῷ καρήνῳ  
           βιότου πλέω γαλήνην·<sup>4</sup>

          ὅτ' ἐγὼ πίων τὸν οἶνον,  
           μύρῳ εὐώδει τέγξας  
           δέμας ἀγκάλαις<sup>5</sup> δὲ κούρην  
           κατέχων Κύπριν αἰίδω·

20      ὅτ' ἐγὼ πίων τὸν οἶνον,  
           ἀνακύρτοισι κυπέλλοις<sup>6</sup>  
           τὸν ἐμὸν νοῦν ἀναπλώσας<sup>7</sup>  
           θιάσῳ γέγηθα<sup>8</sup> κούρων

## THE JOYS OF WINE

After the dance and song  
There come the joys of Love.  
Come let me dance again <sup>a</sup>

50 <sup>b</sup>

When I drink wine,  
A God doth straight begin  
To warm my soul within,

When I drink wine,  
Cares, plots, devices go  
Where the wild sea-winds blow ;

When I drink wine,  
The God that loves the lay <sup>c</sup>  
Thrills me and makes it May ;

When I drink wine,  
With flowers I garland me  
And sail life's calmest sea ,

When I drink wine,  
I balm upon me fling,  
Make love, and Cyprus sing ;

When I drink wine,  
The bumpers ope my heart  
In routs to bear my part ;

<sup>a</sup> WINE AND LOVE.      <sup>b</sup> THE JOYS OF WINE.      <sup>c</sup> Bacchus.

---

<sup>5</sup> Heinsius. ms καὶ π.      50 tit εἰς συμπόσιον τοῦ αὐτοῦ,  
'by the same, on a drinking-bout'      <sup>1</sup> E e.g. ms τ. μὲν  
ἦ. ἰανθὲν | λιγαίνειν ἀρχεται Μούσας (through μὲν μ' ἐν [lost by  
haplogr.] ἥτορι ἀνθείς | θεὸς [lost by haplogr.] ἀρχ. λιγαίνειν?),  
but perh a line is lost      <sup>2</sup> Herm. ms λυσιπ.      <sup>3</sup> Salm.  
ms αὔραις      <sup>4</sup> πλέω E ms μέλπω      <sup>5</sup> St: ms -as      <sup>6</sup> E:  
ms ὑπὸ κυρτοῖς δὲ κ.      <sup>7</sup> E (and independently Sitz.). ms  
νόον ἀπλώσας      <sup>8</sup> Barnes: ms τέρπομαι

## THE ANACREONTEA

25 ὅτ' ἐγὼ πίων τὸν οἶνον,  
τόδε<sup>9</sup> μοι μόνῳ τὸ κέρδος  
τὸ δ'<sup>10</sup> ἐγὼ λαβὼν ἀποίσω·  
τὸ θανεῖν γὰρ μετὰ πάντων.<sup>11</sup>

51

Μή με φύγῃς ὀρώσα  
τὰν πολιὰν ἔθειραν·  
μηδ' ὅτι σοι πάρεστιν  
ἄνθος ἀκμαῖον ἥβας<sup>1</sup>  
5 τὰ φίλτρα μου διώσης.<sup>2</sup>  
ὄρα, καὶ στεφάνοισιν  
ὅπως πρέπει τὰ λευκὰ  
ρόδοις κρίνα πλακέντα.

52A†

Τί με τοὺς νόμους διδάσκεις  
καὶ ῥητόρων ἀνάγκας;  
τί δέ μοι λόγων τοσούτων  
τῶν μηδὲν ὠφελούντων,  
5 μᾶλλον δίδασκε πίνειν  
ἀπαλοῦ<sup>1</sup> πῶμα Λυαίου,  
μᾶλλον δίδασκε παίζειν  
μετὰ χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης.

52 B†

Πολιὰι στέφουσι κάραν<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>9</sup> St ms τοῦτο      <sup>10</sup> E. ms τοῦτ'      <sup>11</sup> μετὰ ms μετὰ  
corr. to δεῖ      51 tit εἰς κόρην, τοῦ αὐτοῦ, 'the same on a  
girl'      <sup>1</sup> Baines: ms τὰς ἐμὰς      <sup>2</sup> Fab.-E. ms δῶρα  
τὰ φίλτρα διώξεις      52 a tit. τοῦ αὐτοῦ εἰς τὸ ἀνέτως ζῆν

## AN OLD MAN'S LOVE-GIFT

When I drink wine,  
The gain 's my own to keep ;  
All share in death's long sleep.

### 51

Nay, shun me not when you discern  
My locks of gray ;  
Nor, for that you  
Are in youth's own heyday,  
My love-gift spurn ;  
But see how true  
'Tis, e'en of posies,  
That lilies white look best 'mid roses.<sup>a</sup>

### 52A

Why teach me laws and rules,  
And logic of the schools ?  
What to me, pray,  
Are all these strings  
Of words that useless prove ?  
Teach me the gentler things,  
Wine, and to play  
With golden Love.<sup>b</sup>

### 52 B <sup>c</sup>

The gray hairs on my head  
Shall serve for crown ;

<sup>a</sup> TO A LADY, WITH AN OLD MAN'S LOVE-GIFT.

<sup>b</sup> TO HIS PRECEPTORS TO TEACH HIM SOMETHING BETTER.

<sup>c</sup> AGE AND WINE.

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<sup>1</sup> *E*, cf 37. 8 : ms -ον      52 b separated from the last ode  
by Crus.      ISOSYLLABIC      <sup>1</sup> Barnes *κάραν* στ., but  
*κάραν* is Byz. and cf. l. 3

## THE ANACREONTEA

δὸς ὕδωρ, βάλ'<sup>2</sup> οἶνον, ὦ παῖ  
 τὴν ψυχὴν <δέ> μου κάρωσον<sup>3</sup>  
 βραχὺ με ζῶντα κάλυπτε.<sup>4</sup>  
 5 ὁ θανὼν οὐκ ἐπιθυμεῖ

### 53

"Οτ' ἐγὼ νέοις ὁμιλῶν<sup>1</sup>  
 ἐσορῶ,<sup>2</sup> πάρεστιν ἦβα·  
 τότε δὴ, τότε ἐς χορείην  
 ὁ γέρων ἐγὼ πτεροῦμαι  
 5 περιμαίνει με Κυβήβα<sup>3</sup>  
 ῥόδα δός<sup>4</sup> θέλω στέφεσθαι·  
 πολιὸν δὲ γῆρας ἐκδύς<sup>5</sup>  
 νέος ἐν νέοις χορεύσω.  
 Διουνυσίης<sup>6</sup> δέ μοί τις  
 10 φερέτω ῥοὰν ὀπώρης,<sup>7</sup>  
 ἵν' ἴδῃς<sup>8</sup> γέροντος ἀλκὴν  
 δεδαηκότος μὲν εἰπεῖν,  
 δεδαηκότος δὲ πίνειν,  
 χαριέντως δὲ μανῆναι

### 54

Ὅ ταῦρος οὗτος, ὦ παῖ,  
 δοκεῖ τις εἶναί μοι Ζεὺς

<sup>2</sup> βάλ' St ms βαλὼν      <sup>3</sup> E      <sup>4</sup> με E ms μὴ κάλυπτε  
 E· ms -τεις      53 tit. ἄλλο εἰς ἑαυτὸν ὁμοίως, 'another  
 similarly on himself'      <sup>1</sup> E· ms ἐγὼ σε (ε erased)  
 ν ὁμίλουν      <sup>2</sup> St ms -ων      <sup>3</sup> E ms περιμεινόν (corr  
 to παραμενω) με K. and in margin ζῆτει      <sup>4</sup> St· ms παράδος  
<sup>5</sup> B, cf. Dos. Ar 15. ms ἐλὰς corr. to ἐλὰς      <sup>6</sup> St: ms  
 -σίοις      <sup>7</sup> Baxt ms ῥοιὰν (corr to ῥόον) ἀπ' ὀπ.      <sup>8</sup> E.  
 ms ἴδῃ      54 tit. εἰς τὴν Εὐρώπην, 'on Europa'

## WINE MAKES THE OLD YOUNG

Bring wine, boy, mix the bowl,  
And o'er my soul  
Let stupefaction fall.  
Awhile empall  
My living corse<sup>a</sup>; the dead  
Desire hath none.

53<sup>b</sup>

When I young blood do see,  
My youth returns to me;  
Then imp'd<sup>c</sup> am I  
The dance to ply,  
Then mads me Cybelè.

Bring me the roses red,  
And let me wreath my head;  
I'll slough my years,  
And peer with peers  
Foot it comminglèd

Fetch Bacchus' juice, and you  
Shall see what age can do,  
How tell his crack,<sup>d</sup>  
And quaff his sack,  
And keep good manners too.

54<sup>e</sup>

The bull which here you see,  
The king of Gods must be;

<sup>a</sup> The Greek is 'hide me for a little while I live,' but ἀαλύπτω 'to hide' often means 'to bury,' cf. Aesch *Sept* 1040.

<sup>b</sup> WINE MAKES THE OLD YOUNG.

<sup>c</sup> Imp'd = winged.

<sup>d</sup> Story.

<sup>e</sup> LINES FOR A PICTURE.

## THE ANACREONTEA

φέρει γὰρ ἀμφὶ νώτοις  
 Σιδωνίαν γυναῖκα,  
 5 περᾶ δέ<sup>1</sup> πόντον εὐρύν,  
 τέμνει δὲ κῦμα χηλαῖς  
 οὐκ ἂν δέ<sup>2</sup> ταῦρος ἄλλος  
 ἔξ ἀγέλης λιασθεῖς<sup>3</sup>  
 ἔπλευσε τὴν θάλασσαν,  
 10 εἰ μὴ μούνος ἐκείνος.

### 55

Στεφανηφόρου μετ' ἥρος<sup>1</sup>  
 μέλομαι ῥόδον τέρεινον,  
 συνέταιρε λοξέ,<sup>2</sup> μέλπειν.  
 τόδε γὰρ θεῶν ἄημα,<sup>3</sup>  
 5 τόδε καὶ βροτοῖσι χάρμα,<sup>4</sup>  
 Χάρισίν τ' ἄγαλμ' ἐνώροις,<sup>5</sup>  
 πολυανθέων Ἐρώτων  
 Ἀφροδίσιόν τ' ἄθυρμα·  
 τόδε καὶ μέλημα μύθοις  
 10 χαρίεν φυτόν τε Μουσῶν.  
 γλυκὺ καὶ ποιοῦντι πείραν<sup>6</sup>  
 ἐν ἀκανθίναις ἀταρποῖς,  
 γλυκὺ δ' αὖ λαβόντι<sup>7</sup> θάλπειν  
 μαλακαῖσι χερσὶ κούφους  
 15 προσάγοντ' ἔρωτας ἄνθη<sup>8</sup>  
 θαλίαις τί κ' ἂν<sup>9</sup> τραπέζαις  
 Διονυσίαις τ' ἑορταῖς  
 δίχ' αὖ τοῦ ῥόδου γένοιτ' ἂν,

<sup>1</sup> St. ms παρὰ δὲ (corr to δῆ)      <sup>2</sup> St ms οὖν  
<sup>3</sup> B, for metre cf. 51 ms ελασθεῖς      55 tit. εἰς τὸ ῥόδον  
 'on the rose'      <sup>1</sup> St ms -φόρον μ. ἦ.      <sup>2</sup> E, cf



## A SONG OF THE ROSE

A Tyrian maid <sup>a</sup> he hath  
                   On 's back ; a path  
 His hooves do cleave him o'er  
                   The wide sea's floor ;  
 No bull from herd would rove,  
 To pass the sea, but Jove.

55 <sup>b</sup>

Now that the Spring  
                   Has brought the posies,  
 Coy comrade, let me sing  
                   A song of roses.

The dainty rose is this,  
                   God's darling, mortal's joy,  
 The wreathèd Love-lads' bliss,  
                   Great Venus' toy ;  
 'Tis every buxom Grace's glory,  
 'Tis theme of Poesy and Story.

On wooing or winning days  
                   By briary paths 'tis sweet  
 To fondle flowers that raise  
                   Light fancy's heat ;  
 Without the rose what would befall  
 The Wine-God's rite convivial ?

<sup>a</sup> Europa · the Greek is ' Sidonian.'

<sup>b</sup> To HIS BELOVED, A SONG OF THE ROSE.

Anacr. 84. 1 : ms σὺνεταιρεῖ αὖξει <sup>3</sup> cf. ἀίτης, εἰσπνηλος

<sup>4</sup> Bothe : ms βροτῶν χ. <sup>5</sup> Rose = ὠραῖαις : ms ἐν ὠραῖαις

<sup>6</sup> Bax. (' to one wooing a maid '). ms ποιοῦντα π. <sup>7</sup> Bax.

(' when she is won ') ms acc. <sup>8</sup> E : ms κούφαις προσ-

άγωντ' "Ερωτος ἄνθος <sup>9</sup> Rose · ms τε καὶ

## THE ANACREONTEA

- 20 ῥοδοδάκτυλος μὲν Ἡώς,  
 ῥοδοπήχες δὲ Νύμφαι,  
 ῥοδόχρους δὲ κ' Ἀφροδίτα  
 παρὰ τῶν σοφῶν καλεῖται·  
 ἀσόφῳ τόδ' αὐτὸ τερπνόν <sup>10</sup>  
 τόδε καὶ νοσοῦσιν ἀρκεῖ,  
 25 τόδε καὶ νεκροῖς ἀμύνει,  
 τόδε καὶ χρόνον βιάται  
 χαρίεν ῥόδων δὲ γῆρας  
 νεότητος ἔσχεν ὁδμήν  
 φέρε δὴ φύσιν <sup>11</sup> λέγωμεν  
 30 χαροπῆς ὅτ' ἐκ θαλάττης  
 δεδρωσμένην Κυθήρην  
 ἐλόχευε πόντος ἀφρῶ,  
 πολεμόκλονόν τ' Ἀθήνην  
 κορυφῆς ἐδείκνυε Ζεὺς <sup>12</sup>  
 35 φοβερὰν θεὰν Ὀλύμπῳ,  
 τότε καὶ ῥόδων ἀγητῶν <sup>13</sup>  
 νέον ἔρνος ἦνθισέ χθών,  
 πολυδαίδαλον λόχευμα·  
 μακάρων θεῶν δ' ὅμοιον  
 40 ῥόδον ὥς γένοιτο, νέκταρ  
 ἐπέτεγξε <sup>14</sup> κἀνέθηλεν  
 ἀγέρωχος <sup>15</sup> ἐξ ἀκάνθης  
 φυτὸν ἄμβροτον Λυαῖος <sup>16</sup>

<sup>10</sup> this line follows l 15 in ms corr Preisendanz ἀσόφῳ  
 Bothe· ms ὠσσοφῶ with ζ (i e. ζήτει) in marg αὐτὸ St:  
 ms -τῶ <sup>11</sup> corr. to φυὴν in ms <sup>12</sup> corr to ἐδείξεν ὁ  
 Z. in ms <sup>13</sup> St ms ῥόδον ἀγητὸν <sup>14</sup> St-E: ms  
 ἐπετέξας ἀνε (a single Ionic in so long an ode is unlikely)  
<sup>15</sup> E: ms -ον <sup>16</sup> ms λυαῖω corr to -ου

## A SONG OF THE ROSE

Of Nymphs with arms rose-red,  
Of Venus' roseate cheeks,  
Of Dawn rose-fingerèd  
The poet speaks ;  
But others who no poets be  
Do pleasure find in this same tree.

For this the sick doth aid.  
This guards the coffined corse ;  
E'en Time by this is made  
To yield perforce,  
For roses old in years as well  
As roses young do sweetly smell

And now shall I  
To you recall  
The rose's high  
Original ?

When wet from the blue sea  
Came Venus, when Jove's head  
Brought forth the War-Lady  
That was Heav'n's dread,  
Then too first bloomed from out the earth  
This cunning work, this marvellous birth.

And that the same, once born,  
Like Gods might ever live,  
When Bacchus to the thorn  
The rose did give,  
He 'still'd Heav'n's nectar o'er the tree,  
And so 't has immortality.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> The Greek is ' that the rose might be like the blessed Gods, noble Lyaeus distilled nectar and so made it spring from the thorn an immortal plant.'

# THE ANACREONTEA

56

Ὅ τὸν ἐν πόνοις ἀτειρῇ,  
 νέον ἐν πόθοις ἀταρβῇ,  
 καλὸν ἐν πότοις χορευτὴν  
 τελέων θεὸς κατῆλθε,  
 5 ἀπαλὸν βροτοῖσι φίλτρον,  
 πότον<sup>1</sup> ἄστονον κομίζων,  
 γόνον ἀμπέλου τὸν οἶνον,  
 ἐπὶ κλημάτων ὀπώραις  
 πεπεδημένον φυλάττων,<sup>2</sup>  
 10 ἔν', ὅταν τέμωσι βότρυν,<sup>3</sup>  
 ἄνοσοι μένωσι πάντες,  
 ἄνοσοι δέμας θεητόν,  
 ἄνοσοι γλυκύν τε θυμὸν  
 εἰς ἔτους φανέντος ἄλλου<sup>4</sup>

57

Ἄρα<sup>1</sup> τις τόρευσε πόντον,  
 ἄρα τις μανείσα τέχνα  
 ἀνέχευε κῦμα δίσκῳ,<sup>2</sup>  
 ἄρα τις ὑπερθε γλαυκᾶς<sup>3</sup>  
 5 νόος εἰς θεοὺς ἀερθεῖς  
 ἀπαλὰν χάραξε Κύπριν,<sup>4</sup>  
 μακάρων φύσης<sup>5</sup> ἀρχάν,

56 tit. ἄλλο εἰς Διόνυσον, 'another, on Dionysus' <sup>1</sup> St. ms πόθον <sup>2</sup> St-B. ms ἐ. κ φυλάττειν (sic) | πεπ. ὀπ.  
<sup>3</sup> τέμωσι St. ms τέμν. <sup>4</sup> εἰς takes the construction of μέχρι  
 57 tit εἰς δίσκον ἔχοντα Ἀφροδίτην 'on a dish with Aphrodite on it' <sup>1</sup> for initial ἄρα cf. Vett Val 305 20  
<sup>2</sup> ms inserts ἐπὶ νῶτα τῆς θαλάττης (arising from gloss on γλαυκᾶς<sup>2</sup>) <sup>3</sup> E, sc θαλάσσας as Hes Th 440. ms λευκὰν from l 12  
<sup>4</sup> E ms inverts ll. 5 and 6 <sup>5</sup> E ms φύσιος

## A VINTAGE-SONG

56

The mighty God that makes  
The labourer never stale,  
Young lovers never fail,  
Feat dancers o'er wassail,  
  
Has come down for our sakes,  
And brought that philtre fine,  
That liquor anodyne,  
The offspring of the vine,  
  
Keeping it safe as yet  
Enfettered in the fruit  
Upon the twining shoot,  
That when they take knife to 't  
  
Mankind may never get  
Or ill of body bright  
Or ill of gentle sprite  
Till the new vintage-nite <sup>a</sup>

57 <sup>b</sup>

And hath some moulder made the sea ?  
And hath some art in ecstasy  
Poured the ocean on a dish ?  
And hath some brain half-devilish <sup>c</sup>  
Sweet Venus on the blue engrav'n,  
Dear Genesis of peopled heav'n ?

<sup>a</sup> A VINTAGE-SONG.

<sup>b</sup> A DISH ENGRAVEN WITH VENUS SWIMMING.

<sup>c</sup> The Greek is 'some mind raised to the Gods' (i.e. their equal in skill).

## THE ANACREONTEA

- ὁ δέ νιν ἔδειξε γυμνόν,  
 ὅσα μὴ θέμις δ' ὀράσθαι  
 10 μόνα κύμασιν καλύπτει.  
 ἀλαλημένα<sup>6</sup> δ' ἐπ' αὐτὰ  
 βρύον ὥς, ὑπερθε λευκάς<sup>7</sup>  
 ἀπαλόχροον γαλήνας<sup>8</sup>  
 δέμας εἰς πλόον φέρουσα,  
 15 ῥόθιον ὅπισθεν ἔλκει<sup>9</sup>  
 ῥοδέων δ' ὑπερθε μαζῶν  
 ἀπαλῆς ἔνερθε δειρῆς  
 μέγα κῦμα χρώτα τέμνει.<sup>10</sup>  
 μέσον αὐλακος δὲ Κύπρις  
 20 κρίνον ὥς ἴοις ἐλιχθὲν  
 διαφαίνεται γαλήνας.  
 ὑπὲρ ἀργύρου δ' ὀχοῦνται<sup>11</sup>  
 ἐπὶ δελφῖσι χορευταῖς<sup>12</sup>  
 δολερὸν Πόθος μετώπῳ<sup>13</sup>  
 25 Ἔρος<sup>14</sup> Ἰμερος γελῶντες,  
 χορὸς ἰχθύων τε κυρτὸς  
 ἐπὶ κυμάτων κυβιστῶν  
 Παφίῃ κῶμος ὀπαδεῖ,<sup>15</sup>  
 ἵνα νήχεται γελῶσα.

58†

- Ὁ δραπετάς με<sup>1</sup> Χρυσὸς  
 ὅταν πεφεύγῃ<sup>2</sup> κραιπνοῖς  
 διηνέμοις τε ταρσοῖς  
 (ἀεὶ δ', ἀεὶ με φεύγει)  
 5 οὐ μιν<sup>3</sup> διώκω· τίς γὰρ  
 μισῶν θέλει τι θηρᾶν<sup>4</sup>,

## VENUS SWIMMING

Naked (but what 's not to see  
 The waves conceal), like tangle free  
 Along that smooth and summer way  
 She brings her soft limbs into play,  
 And leaves a wake of plashing spray.  
 'Twixt rosy breast and shapely chin  
 A great wave comes dividing in ;  
 She through the furrowed calm goes shining  
 Lily like 'mid violets twining.  
 O'er the silver surface wide,  
 On dolphin-revellers perched astride,  
 A shily-smiling vanguard ride,  
 Passion, Desire and Love ;  
 While tumbling the waves above  
 Bow-back'd fishes, following  
 The laughing swimmer in a ring,  
 Give her frolic convoying.<sup>a</sup>

58 <sup>b</sup>

When truant Gold away doth wing  
 Swift as the wind ('tis no rare thing)  
 I go not after him ; for who  
 Game he hateth will pursue ?

<sup>a</sup> A DISH ENGRAVEN WITH VENUS SWIMMING.

<sup>b</sup> MUSIC BETTER THAN RICHES.

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<sup>6</sup> St-Hanssen ms -os      <sup>7</sup> B ms -αν      <sup>8</sup> B. ms  
 -χρόους γ.      <sup>9</sup> E ms πάροιθεν έ      <sup>10</sup> Sitz. ms  
 πρώτα τ.      <sup>11</sup> άργύρου E. ms -ω      όχοούνται St: ms  
 όρχ.      <sup>12</sup> ms δελφίσιν      <sup>13</sup> B (μετ = 'in front') ms νόον  
 μερόπων      <sup>14</sup> Bax ms έρωσ      <sup>15</sup> E ms Παφίης τε  
 σώμα παίζει      58 tit. εις χρυσόν του αυτού άλλο, 'another by  
 the same, on gold'      ISOSYLLABIC      <sup>1</sup> με E. ms μ' ό  
<sup>2</sup> E, cf. 5 and 17. ms με φεύγη      <sup>3</sup> St. ms μην      <sup>4</sup> τι  
 St: ms το

## THE ANACREONTEA

- ἐγὼ δ' ἄφαρ λιασθεῖς<sup>5</sup>  
 ἐμῶν φρενῶν μὲν αὖραις  
 φέρειν ἔδωκα λύπας,  
 10    λύρην δ' ἐλὼν αἰίδω  
       ἐρωτικὰς ἀοιδάς<sup>6</sup>  
       πάλιν δ' ὅταν με θυμὸς  
       ὑπερφρονεῖν διδάξῃ,  
       ἄφνω πρόσσεισ' ὃ δραπετάς  
 15    φέρων μέθαν μοι<sup>8</sup> φροντίδων,  
       ἐλὼν μιν ὥς μεθήμων<sup>9</sup>  
       λύρης γένωμαι λαροῦ.<sup>10</sup>  
       ἄπιστ', ἄπιστε Χρυσέ,  
       μάταν<sup>11</sup> δόλοις με θέλγεις  
 20    χρυσοῦ πλέον τὰ νεῦρα<sup>12</sup>  
       πόθους, κέκλυθι, ἄδει.<sup>13</sup>  
       σὺ γὰρ δόλων, σύ τοι φθόνων<sup>14</sup>  
       ἔρωτ' ἔθηκας ἀνδράσιν  
       λύρη<sup>15</sup> δ' ἄλυπα παστάδων  
 25    φιλαμάτων τε κεδνῶν  
       πόθῳ κύπελλα κιρνᾷ.<sup>16</sup>  
       ὅταν θέλῃς δέ, φεῦγε,<sup>17</sup>  
       λύρης δ' ἐμῆς ἀοιδὰν  
       οὐκ ἂν λίποιμι τυτθόν  
 30    τοὺς δ' οὐχὶ Μουσῶν ἀγχίμους<sup>18</sup>  
       δόλοις ἀπίστοις ἀνδανε<sup>19</sup>.  
       ἐμοὶ δέ τῳ λυροκτύπη  
       Μοῦσαι φρεσὶν πάροικοι.<sup>20</sup>  
       ἄχανδέας δ' ὀρίνοις<sup>21</sup>  
 35    αἶγλα τε λαμπαδουχοῖς<sup>22</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ms adds τῳ δραπετᾷ τῳ χρυσῳ    <sup>6</sup> ms -ās -ās    <sup>7</sup> Sitz  
 ms προσεῖπ'    <sup>8</sup> A Faber ms δοι    <sup>9</sup> A Fab; ms  
 μεθήμων    <sup>10</sup> Pauw ms λαρον    <sup>11</sup> B. ms μετ' ἂν



## MUSIC AND RICHES

I go within, fling care to th' breeze,  
 Take lute and troll love-melodies.  
 But when my pride takes heart of grace,  
 Then lo ! the truant 's in his place,  
 And drugs my wayward wit till I  
 Forget the dulcet quill to ply.<sup>a</sup>  
 Fie, faithless Gold ! your cozenings fail ;  
 The strings afford me more regale.  
 Love of envy and deceit,  
 That 's what you give man for meat ;  
 The lute doth mix him happier cheer,  
 Desire of bowers and kisses dear.  
 Play me truant when you will ;  
 My lyre shall be my comrade still  
 Your wiles on those you're free to use  
 Who be no neighbours of the Muse ,  
 With sweepers of the string like me  
 The Muse keeps ever company  
 If you would stir a leaky pot, you may,  
 Or take a taper to the light of day.

<sup>a</sup> The Greek is ' become heedless of the sweet lyre.'

<sup>12</sup> *B.* ms πλέον χρυσοῦ ν. <sup>13</sup> *Rose* ms αἰεὶς <sup>14</sup> the  
 rest was placed here by Barnes, in the ms it follows Ode 61 ;  
 δόλων and φθόνων *B* ms dat. sing. <sup>15</sup> *Rose* : ms -ην  
<sup>16</sup> πόθω *E* ms -ων κρινᾶ *Dacier-B* ms κρίνει corr. to  
 κρίνη <sup>17</sup> *E* ms -γης <sup>18</sup> *E*, cf 21. ms ξείνοισιν σὲ δ'  
 ἀγχιμουσῶν (emendation following corruption τοῖς δ' ἀγχιμου-  
 σῶν ?) <sup>19</sup> *E*. ms δολίοις ἀπ' ἀνδάνεις <sup>20</sup> *E* : ms μούσαις  
 φ' ἀποίκους <sup>21</sup> sc. χύτρας *E* <sup>22</sup> *E* ms αἴγλαν τελαμ-  
 πρυχαν with οἰς over ρι

- Τὸν μελανόχρωτα βότρυν<sup>1</sup>  
 ταλάροις φέρουσιν<sup>2</sup> ἄνδρες  
 μετὰ παρθένων ἐπ' ὤμων,  
 κατὰ ληνὸν δὲ βαλόντες<sup>3</sup>  
 5 μόνον ἄρσενες πατοῦσιν  
 σταφυλήν, λύοντες οἶνον,  
 μέγα τὸν θεὸν κροτοῦντες  
 ἐπιληνίοισιν ὕμνοις,  
 ἐρατὸν πίθους<sup>4</sup> ὀρῶντες  
 10 νέον ἐσζέοντα Βάκχον,  
 ὃν ὅταν πίνη<sup>5</sup> γεραιός,  
 τρομέροις ποσὶν χορεύει  
 πολιὰς τρίχας τινάσσων.  
 ὁ δὲ παρθένον λοχήσας  
 15 ἐρατῷ<sup>6</sup> νέος <Λυαίῳ  
 ὑπὸ καρδίην><sup>7</sup> ἐλυσθεὶς  
 ἀπαλὸν δέμας χυθείσαν  
 σκιερῶν ἔνερθε<sup>8</sup> φύλλων  
 βεβαρημένην ἐς ὕπνον,  
 20 ὃν Ἔρως ἄωρα θέλγει<sup>9</sup>  
 προδότην γάμων γενέσθαι,  
 ὅδε<sup>10</sup> μὴ λόγοισι πείθων  
 τότε μὴ θέλουσαν ἄγχει  
 μετὰ γὰρ νέων ὁ Βάκχος  
 25 μεθύσων<sup>11</sup> ἄτακτα παίζει.

59 tit. *eis oînon*, 'on wine' <sup>1</sup> metre suggests corruption  
<sup>2</sup> St-B. ms -οντες <sup>3</sup> the only Ionic in a long ode:  
 ληνὸν ἐμβαλόντες? <sup>4</sup> E ms -οις <sup>5</sup> Barnes ms πίνη  
<sup>6</sup> ἐρατῷ E. ms -ος <sup>7</sup> suppl. E, cf Archil. 103 Bgk.  
 (lost owing to similarity of λυαίῳ and ἐλυσθεὶς?) <sup>8</sup> E:

## A VINTAGE-SONG

59 <sup>a</sup>

Men and maidens shoulder-high  
 Bring the vine's swart progeny,  
 Cast it in the press, and then  
 (Not the maidens but the men)  
 Tread the grape and free the wine,  
 To the Vintage-Loid divine  
 Shouting songs of jubilee  
 When foaming into butt they see  
 The jolly must, which elders taking  
 Trip it with old limbs a-quaking,  
 Trip it with gray locks a-shaking ;

And if youth, when wine's caress  
 Doth his inmost heart possess,  
 Hath reluctant lass waylaid  
 Where she lies 'neath leafy shade,  
 Her soft limbs sunk in a day-sleep  
 Which Love suborns (lest she should keep  
 Wedlock waiting) to betray her,<sup>b</sup>  
 He without or plea or prayer  
 His unwilling fair embraces ,  
 For when cups do flush young faces  
 Bacchus plays with leg o'er traces <sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup> ANOTHER VINTAGE-SONG.

<sup>b</sup> The Greek is 'sunken in a sleep which Love cozens at the wrong time (*i e.* in the daytime) to become a betrayer of (*i e.* into) wedlock.'

<sup>c</sup> The Greek is 'with tipsy young people Bacchus plays a disorderly game.'

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ms ὑπερθε <sup>9</sup> E ms ὁ δ' and θέλων  
 ὁ δὲ <sup>11</sup> E. ms μεθύων

<sup>10</sup> E: ms

# THE ANACREONTEA

60A

Ἄνὰ βάρβιτον δονήσω·  
 ἄεθλος μὲν οὐ πρόκειται,  
 μελέτη δ' ἔπεστι παντὶ<sup>1</sup>  
 σοφίης λαχεῖν<sup>2</sup> ἄωτον  
 5 ἔλεφαντίνῳ δὲ πλήκτρῳ  
 λιγυρὸν μέλος κροαίνων  
 Φρυγίῳ ῥυθμῷ βοήσω,  
 ἄτε τις κύκνος Καύστρου  
 πολιοῖς<sup>3</sup> πτεροῖσι μέλπων  
 10 ἀνέμου σύναυλος ἡχῇ  
 σὺ δέ, Μοῦσα, συγχόρευε  
 (ἱερὸν γάρ ἐστι Φοῖβου  
 κιθάρη δάφνη τρίπους τε)  
 λαλέουσ'<sup>4</sup> ἔρωτα Φοῖβου,  
 15 ἀνεμώλιον τὸν οἶστρον·  
 σαόφρων γάρ ἐστ' ἀκοῦσαι<sup>5</sup>  
 τὰ μὲν ἐκπέφευγε κέντρα<sup>6</sup>  
 φύσεως δ' ἄμειψε<sup>7</sup> μορφήν,  
 φυτὸν εὐθαλὲς δ' ἐπηχεῖ  
 20 ὃ δὲ Φοῖβος ἦε,<sup>8</sup> Φοῖβος,  
 κρατέειν κόρην νομίζων,  
 χλοερὸν δρέπων δὲ φύλλον  
 ἐδόκει τελεῖν Κυθήρην

60B

Ἄγε, θυμέ, πῇ μέμηνας  
 μανίην μανεῖς ἀρίστην,

60 a tit. eis Ἀπόλλωνα, 'on Apollo' <sup>1</sup> St-E ms  
 μελέτη δ' ἐπέστω πάντῃ <sup>2</sup> E. ms λαχῶν <sup>3</sup> St ms  
 ποικίλον <sup>4</sup> E. ms λαλέων <sup>5</sup> E ms ἐστ' ἀκούσας with  
 εὔτ' ἀκούσης in marg. <sup>6</sup> τὰ Hiller. ms τὸν <sup>7</sup> ἐκπέφευγε

# APOLLO AND DAPHNE

60A <sup>a</sup>

The quivering lute I'll play ;  
 Contest there 's none to-day,  
 But all who practise will  
 Can win the flower of skill  
 With ivory point I'll chime  
 And cry the Phrygian rhyme <sup>b</sup>  
 As swan with plumage hoar  
 Upon Cayster's shore  
 Flutes to the fising breeze.  
 Help, Muse, an if 't you please,  
 (For tripod, bay, and song  
 To Phoebus do belong)  
 And Phoebus' love proclaim  
 And ineffectual flame ;  
 For chaste it will appear  
 To each and every ear  
 His flame <sup>c</sup> did him escape  
 And changed her native shape  
 And stood a rustling tree :  
 And Phoebus, even he,  
 Pursued a maidenhead,  
 When Love's imaginèd  
 Fulfilment lo <sup>d</sup> was seen  
 To be a leaf of green.

60B <sup>d</sup>

Why, my heart, O tell me why  
 This ecstatic frenzy high ?

<sup>a</sup> A SONG OF APOLLO AND DAPHNE

<sup>b</sup> The Greek is 'with ivory *plectrum* striking a clear tune I will shout in Phrygian rhythm,' i.e. the Cybelean metre (cf. the Galliambic, Catull 65) <sup>c</sup> Daphne. <sup>d</sup> THE WINE OF POESY.

St ms -γα      <sup>7</sup> St: ms -ψα      <sup>8</sup> Port ms ηε      60 b separated from the preceding ode by B

## THE ANACREONTEA

τὶ<sup>1</sup> βέλος, φέρε, κράτυνον  
 σκοπὸν ὡς βαλὼν ἀπέλθης·  
 5 τὸ δὲ τόξον Ἀφροδίτης  
 ἄφες, ὧ<sup>2</sup> θεοὺς ἐνίκα  
 τὸν Ἀνακρέοντα μιμοῦ,  
 τὸν αἰοίδιμον μελιστήν·  
 φιάλην πρόπινε παισίν,  
 10 φιάλην λόγων ἔραννήν.  
 ἀπὸ νέκταρος ποτοῖο  
 παραμύθιον λαβόντες  
 φλογερὸν φύγωμεν ἄστρον.<sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> *E*: ms τὸ  
 φυγόντες ἄ  
 Ἀνακρέοντος συμποσιακῶν  
 'Anacreon'

<sup>2</sup> *Port*: ms ὡς  
 at the end (i.e. 58. 36) ms has τέλος  
 'end of the Drinking-songs of

<sup>3</sup> *Mehl*. ms

## THE WINE OF POESY

•Wield some weapon an you will,  
If you fain would hit to kill ;  
But not the bow with which Queen Love  
Overcame the Gods above.  
From famed Anacreon take your cue,  
He's the pattern baid for you :  
Pledge the fair in wine with me,  
But be it wine of poesy ;  
We'll seek the nectar of the vine  
When the sun too hot shall shine.<sup>a</sup>

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<sup>a</sup> The Greek is ' taking comfort from potable nectar, we will escape the burning (Dog-)star '